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CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, INDIVIDUALIST

PAUL H. KOCHER

THE literary detectives have had their way with Marlowe in recent years. Hotson, Eccles, and others have made brilliant discoveries about his turbulent career and his mysterious death under the dagger of Ingram Frizer in the inn at Deptford. But, for all that, we are not much wiser in the central literary problem, which is to understand his plays in relation to his complex personality. The present essay intends to explore in a general way the main areas of that problem and to offer a provisional hypothesis.

Fortunately, interpretation of the dramas is made easier by the existence of a considerable body of contemporary report about Marlowe's views on the religious question supplied by men who knew him, like Greene, Kyd, and Baines. On other subjects there survives no external record of his ideas, and these must be found, if found at all, within the plays themselves. These dramas should be approached, naturally, against a background of Elizabethan, not modern, thought and dramatic practice. As critics we must insist upon the relevance of the whole intellectual and emotional atmosphere in which Marlowe lived and conceived the plays, while at the same time remaining no less vigilant against the kind of pedestrianism which loses the living man and the living audience in the assumption that everybody in the Elizabethan age must have had the same thoughts as everybody else.

Now if there is one thing which the biographical documents most amply demonstrate it is that in the field of religion Marlowe emphatically did not have the same ideas as everybody else. From both Kyd and Baines, who give verbatim accounts of Marlowe's conversation, comes testimony that he was an aggressive, sardonic, and determined polemist against the accepted Christianity of his day. Kyd writes that it was the dramatist's custom in table talk to jest at the Scriptures, gibe at the efficacy of prayer, and strive in argument to confute the sayings of prophets and holy men. Baines summarizes his impression of Marlowe by saying that "almost into every Company he Cometh he persuades men to Atheism willing them not to be afeard of bugbeares and hobgoblins." This evidence, with the many collateral lines which reinforce it, need not be repeated in detail. Sufficient to say that it is fairly voluminous, derived from numerous different people, some of whom knew Marlowe personally, strictly contemporaneous, and substantially uncontradicted by opposing external evidence.

The first question on which any critic of Marlowe should make up his mind, I believe, is whether he considers this evidence authentic, at least in its broad outlines. If it is, then there is no escaping the conclusion that the playwright was a violent and active campaigner against Christianity in his

personal life, and this fact must have a bearing on the interpretation of his work. The validity of this evidence, however, has often been attacked, usually on the ground that witnesses like Kyd and Baines were interested in getting Marlowe into trouble and themselves out. This type of attack ignores, I think, the remarkable similarity between the charges brought quite independently by the two witnesses, the very detailed and specific nature of these charges, and the support they receive from other contemporaries like Greene, Beard, Vaughan, and Harvey. It also fails to examine carefully enough the detailed allegations of the Baines note, which can be seen upon inspection to be anything but a random series of blasphemies. On the contrary, these form a carefully calculated, brilliantly ironic assault on the foundations of Christian dogma, made by a man obviously of considerable theological learning. Marlowe had studied divinity at Cambridge. Many of the individual allegations are based on biblical texts skilfully and wryly twisted into arguments against the very persons they were intended to exalt—Moses, Christ, the Virgin Mary, St. Paul, and the apostles.

Take, for example, Marlowe's statement recorded by Baines that "Moses was but a Jugler" and that "it was an easy matter for Moyses being brought up in all the artes of the Egiptians to abuse the Jewes being a rude & grosse people." This sounds very much like an intentional distortion of the scriptural text in Acts 7:22: "And Moses was learned in all the wisedome of the Egiptians, and was mightie in wordes and in deedes." The change from the Bible's "all the wisedome of the Egiptians" to Marlowe's "all the artes of the Egiptians" would embody for the Renaissance mind all the difference between legitimate learning and the magical arts for which Egypt had long been notorious. Similarly, Marlowe's saying about Christ "that he was the sonne of a Carpenter, and that if the Jewes among whome he was borne did Crucify him theie best knew him and whence he came" is a malicious combination of two texts from Matthew and John. Matthew 13:54 gives the cry of the Jews who doubted Christ's divinity: "Whence commeth this wisedome and great workes unto this man? Is not this the carpenter's sonne?" And John 7:27 likewise voices a denial of Christ by the Jews: "Howbeit we know this man whence he is but when the Christ commeth, no man shal know whence he is." Marlowe runs together these two texts to form the argument that the people among whom Christ grew up, the people presumably best qualified to judge him, rejected his deity.

A patient study of the other fifteen detailed allegations of the Baines note yields equally interesting results. Obviously, there is nothing subtle about all this, nor is it the kind of criticism which is likely to strike us as particularly effective today. But for purposes of propaganda against a deeply entrenched theological system it was exactly the kind of bludgeoning ridicule which would strike home most solidly, and, unfortunately, it was quite in keeping with the tone which had become customary in the religious

controversies of the day between Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Mohammedan, or Christian and Jew. Moreover, to my taste, these attacks in the Baines note have the same sardonic, rationalistic acidity displayed by the similar gibes at Christianity uttered in the plays by such characters as Faustus and Barabas. On every ground and by every type of argument, the Baines note seems to be a genuine and reasonably accurate report of Marlowe's actual words. It is the most important of all the biographical documents as a key to the nature and manner of his thought and is of paramount significance for an understanding of the plays.

For, after all, if Marlowe was the kind of man who would write this anti-Christian polemic, we cannot simply set the fact aside when we come to read his work, on the plea that a dramatist must be kept quite out of his own dramas. What would we not give for similar biographical documents on the views of Shakespeare? And why must we not make full use of them in Marlowe, always provided that we are sensible about it and do not go overboard in wild attributions of every single sentiment in the plays to the man who wrote them? Every dramatist is a human being whose chief endowments of thought, feeling, and experience are sure to appear suffused through the dramatic texture of his work over a period of years. The degree to which a writer may go beyond this to express his more specific and detailed convictions in his plays seems to vary with the individual dramatist. In any given case the sensible procedure, I should think, is to see what strains dominate the whole corpus of his writing and then to compare them with the biographical data.

Now a fact which strikes us immediately about Marlowe's plays is that, except in *Dido*, which as a very immature and imitative play can be discounted, one of the paramount themes, perhaps *the* paramount theme, is religion. It dominates the cogitative material in the *Tamburlaine* plays. It is, of course, the central problem in *Faustus*. The Christian versus Jew conflict gives us most that is best in *The Jew of Malta*, as does the Protestant versus Catholic struggle in *The Massacre at Paris*. And *Edward II*, while primarily concerned with politics, renders beautifully the strife in Edward's soul between other-worldliness and this-worldliness during the prison scenes. Quite apart, even, from the biographical indications, these plays alone would tell us that the man who wrote them was deeply entangled in religious problems and that his sympathies were not with Christianity.

These generalizations mean little without some more specific reference to the contents of the plays themselves. The first point to be noted about the *Tamburlaine* plays is that, according to the Prologue of Part II, Marlowe had originally intended to write only Part I, but its great public success induced him to compose a sequel. That is, Marlowe had intended to leave his hero Tamburlaine untouched at the height of his glory and power despite his many blasphemies and his slaughter of untold thousands. And these blasphemies are not merely against God but, in only slightly veiled

form, against the God of Christianity. For example, Tamburlaine's famous speech beginning

> Nature that fram'd us of four elements
> Warring within our breasts for regiment

and ending

> Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest
> Until we reach the ripest fruit of all
> That perfect bliss and sole felicity
> The sweet fruition of an *earthly* crown

sets up an earthly goal as against the bliss in heaven which Christian theologians and ethical writers visualized as the true and sole felicity of man. In other passages Tamburlaine uses, not reverentially but arrogantly and blasphemously for his own aggrandizement, the Christian idea that he is a divinely appointed Scourge of God. His whole conception of the soul, in both Part I and Part II, as gifted with a godlike energy which lifts it into conflict with the God who gave it, is radically un-Christian. It would be possible to give a detailed exegesis of utterance after utterance from Tamburlaine's lips which represent a defiance, as overt as Marlowe felt himself safe in making, of the prevalent Christian system. Pertinent also are the hero's death scenes at the end of Part II. These are sometimes interpreted as a retribution sent by God to the conqueror after his role as divine scourge is finally fulfilled. In fact, however, they contain nothing but great choric lamentations by all the characters in praise of Tamburlaine. The thought that his death is an example of divine vengeance is nowhere expressed, as, by the technique of exposition habitual to the early Elizabethan drama, it would have had to be if Marlowe had meant it that way. On the contrary, Marlowe has searched classical and Renaissance elegy for their most laudatory epithets and images in eulogy of his hero. Both the form and the substance of these closing scenes are largely drawn from the elegiac tradition.

By contrast, the religious framework of *Faustus* is quite in the orthodox theological pattern. Faustus becomes a sorcerer, fails to repent, and is damned. Within this framework, however, Faustus and the Evil Angel indulge again and again in outbursts of sardonic criticism of Christianity which ring exactly like those in the Baines note and the Kyd letters. "Come," says Faustus, "I think hell's a fable"; and the Evil Angel comments that prayers are

> illusions, fruits of lunacy
> That makes men foolish that do trust them most,

just as Marlowe, according to Kyd, used to "gibe at prayers." But on the other side are those magnificent expressions of the sense of loss of the divine vision by Mephistophilis, and also the last despairing soliloquy of Faustus, both in the highest traditions of Christian orthodoxy. This drama, then, standing by itself, could be taken either as an orthodox play in which

atheistic sorcery receives its just reward in damnation, or as a play of religious rebellion garnished over with verbal sops to conventional theology. But the play does not stand by itself. It stands in a succession of other dramas of decisively anti-Christian colouring written by a man of violently anti-Christian beliefs. Shall we rest in the conclusion that it is simply another passage at arms in Marlowe's war on Christianity? To me, such a conclusion seems not altogether adequate. It forgets the greatness and emotional verity of the longing for God which can be sensed throughout this play and which seems to underlie much of the blaspheming even in *Tamburlaine*, not to mention the prison scenes in *Edward II*. Now of course it is quite possible to say that, after all, this is purely the working of the dramatic imagination in Marlowe. He himself, it might be argued, felt no such urgent need for the divine presence and love, but, as a good dramatist, he was able to give it to his characters. But in the last analysis (and we must press it to the last analysis) Marlowe does not seem to have had that kind of dramatic imagination in the degree necessary to create great poetry out of ideas personally antipathetic to him. This dictum is not susceptible of direct proof, but it is indicated indirectly by Marlowe's very limited range in portraying characters and presenting themes. The same main ideas, the same few types of people, appear over and over again in his work as if he were never really able to move creatively outside that narrow band, and as if these were more or less intimate reflections of his own thoughts and his own personality. Marlowe really had only one great theme: himself.

I have dwelt on this point at some length because it appears to me fundamental to any right understanding of Marlowe. Application of it specifically to the religious problem in *Faustus* leads to the conclusion that although Marlowe was militantly anti-Christian there remained in him, no doubt repressed and scorned, strong vestiges of the old beliefs in which he had been educated since infancy. The result was an inner religious conflict which manifests itself frequently in his plays, which explains their contradictions, and which has produced for us through his struggle, *Faustus*, his greatest drama. If this interpretation seems perhaps somewhat over-complex, my defence can be only the truism that human character is immensely complicated, and that we are likely to err if we do not always keep the fact in mind when estimating a literary figure.

The problem of analysing the next play, *The Jew of Malta*, is likewise not simple, but for different reasons. Marlowe has here again chosen a spokesman, Barabas the Jew, for his strictures upon Christianity. Nominally Barabas is a villain, in fact one of the most macabre blackguards of the Elizabethan stage, who is properly punished at the end for his fantastic crimes. Marlowe so manipulates the action and the argument, nevertheless, as to bring out for any attentive observer the hypocrisy of the Christians in their persecution of the Jew and to allow Barabas many a scathing comment thereon. The key scene is the dispute between Barabas and the Christian governor over the legality of the confiscation of the former's

wealth, where the Jew is emphatically given the better of the argument, especially when the governor resorts to biblical citation and Barabas replies,

> Preach me not out of my possession
> Is theft the ground of your religion?

Not that the Elizabethan audience would necessarily understand what Marlowe was about in these ambiguous scenes, but he was the sort of man to amuse himself without regard for that. The play is high comedy, brilliant theological farce in which the skilful use of repartee turning upon technical religious terms in a large proportion of the lines, repays careful study. Still, the sardonic undertone with its note of personal emotion is there to darken the comedy. Marlowe, I think, has never received adequate recognition as a writer of comedy in the satirical vein. He has an acrid wit, a keenness of observation, a depth of indignation, and a sense for dialogue which mark him as potentially a very distinguished writer of satire.

The religious feeling in the closing scenes of *Edward II* has already been mentioned and need not be lingered upon. It shows a depth of genuine devotion which is akin to that in some of the greater passages in *Faustus*, and again is specifically Christian, not merely generally religious. On the other hand, *The Massacre at Paris* details the events of the St. Bartholomew massacre hastily and without perceptible sympathy. What stands out in that play is the atheism of the Duke of Guise, who, although supposedly the leader of the Catholic party, is made by Marlowe another mouthpiece for the familiar scoffing at and caustic impeachments of Christianity. Again the tenor of the drama is nominally extremely pro-Protestant and anti-Catholic, as Elizabethan prejudices required. But when Dumaine, for example, preparing to massacre the Protestants, swears by the cross in his burgonet "I swear by this to be unmerciful!" we can see Marlowe's comment on the Christianity that uses the cross, the symbol of mercy, as a pretext for deeds unmerciful.

Thus all of Marlowe's great plays add their testimony, though sometimes in a muffled fashion made necessary by the censorship and by the convictions of the audience, to the biographical evidence of Marlowe's infidelity. This is not to say that he was an atheist in the modern sense, a believer in no god. The evidence on this point seems inconclusive. But there is room for the view that Marlowe was a man who wanted to believe in God, who perhaps believed in a god of power stripped of Christian attributes. The plays seem largely haunted by a sense of the presence of a deity. At any rate, a mere agnosticism or scepticism amounting to suspended judgment would not be characteristic of Marlowe, whose temper is assertive and dogmatic. Had he lived a century later he might have been a Deist. As it was, he lived at a turning-point in time when new religious attitudes were just beginning to form, being himself one of the earliest pioneers of this

new movement in England. And he suffered the psychological penalty which sometimes comes to the pioneer, a nature divided against itself, mainly dedicated to the new but in part irretrievably wedded to the old.

When we have spoken of Marlowe's irreligion, however, we still have not said all that must be said about the meaning of his plays and their relation to his own personality. In the field of politics, likewise, there are indications that Marlowe chose to espouse a minority view. Regardless of practical violations by the Tudors, the constitutional theory prevalent in England in Marlowe's day was that the rights of the subject were protected by law and that the king was under this law, not above it. Absolutist theory, however, was on the march in France, as exemplified partly by the works of Bodin, and also in Scotland, by the works of Adam Blackwood and King James. In Marlowe's *Dido*, unconnected with source material or even with the context of the play, we find extreme expressions of the absolutist point of view. Then Tamburlaine, of course, is an unmitigated despot, treated approvingly as such throughout the drama. Faustus and Barabas have dreams of uncontrolled political power. Edward fails because he tries to rule England by personal whim. Guise, again, is another tyrant. The influence of Machiavelli certainly does not adequately explain these persistent dramatizations of despotism all through Marlowe's plays. There is nothing specifically Machiavellian about Dido, Tamburlaine, and Faustus. I am even inclined to question the importance of Machiavellian or pseudo-Machiavellian ideas in Barabas, Young Mortimer, and Guise. After some study of Machiavelli and Gentillet, I find it very difficult to demonstrate that Marlowe derived his ideas of political wickedness from these sources rather than from the general pool of very similar ideas widespread in English thought emanating from classical literature, the Senecan villain, political treatises on tyranny in all ages, and the examples of English history. In this connection, the ideas of the Machiavelli Prologue of *The Jew of Malta* are far more diametrically opposed to the genuine ideas of Machiavelli or even to their garbled misrepresentation by Gentillet than consistent with either. What is much more important in studying Marlowe's political thought is to notice a gradual shift of emphasis throughout the plays away from the glorification of despotism to a realization of its ugliness and eventual failure. This shift is never complete. Even at the end of his career Marlowe is still endowing his tyrannical villains with most of the emotional sympathy, but he is seeing more clearly the consequences of such tyranny both for the tyrant and for his victims.

Similar general observations may be made about Marlowe's ethical views. As in politics and religion Marlowe chose to be the iconoclast, so in morals the temper of his plays is alien to that of his time. Upon comparison with the dramas of Greene, Peele, Lodge, or Lyly, one notices immediately how frequent the moralizing attitude is in these other dramatists and how relatively infrequent it is in Marlowe. In him, the Christian virtues are not usually exalted, or, if they are, the tone has a way of sounding per-

functory. Even the usual vocabulary of Elizabethan ethics, the discussions of the Aristotelian doctrine of the mean and the principle of the four cardinal virtues, is largely lacking. But the alienation seems to go still deeper, into the recesses of Marlowe's own nature. The plays show, I think, a basic deficiency of that human sympathy for other people which is fundamental to all ethics, or, to put it on a less emotional basis, a failure adequately to realize the rights of others. Generally speaking, there is a pervading egoism in these dramas. Each deals with a single titanic self who walks his own way with a blind intensity. And when we look at all these selves in the different plays they turn out to be, after all, so much alike as to be fundamentally the same self, and that self, it would seem to follow, is no one but Marlowe. If so, their egoism is his egoism, their cruelty his cruelty, and their estrangement his estrangement.

This dictum that Marlowe was basically estranged from human affairs might be challenged on the ground that he spent years as a government spy. Leaving aside the spy question, which is itself a very doubtful matter, I do not know how else we can describe a man who stalked through the world in this fashion, cherishing dreams and values so opposed to those of the ordinary humanity around him, however busy he may have been with the day to day affairs that all men must carry through in order to live. What I refer to, of course, is an essential aloofness of thought and feeling which may persist through daily intercourse. We may add also to the record the evidence coming to the surface repeatedly in the plays and poems as well as in the Baines note, that Marlowe may have been homosexual. If this is true, it would be a yet deeper crevasse within the gulf that separated him from the viewpoint of the society in which he lived.

Now it would be a mistake to emphasize solely these differences without giving due weight also to the many ideas which Marlowe absorbed from and shared with the common tradition. In problems relating to the sciences, for instance, he seems to have taken, on the whole, a quite conservative stand. His medical thinking is still Galenic even though the Paracelsan chemical theories were widely known in England by the fifteen-eighties and were in fact the subject of heated controversy in numerous medical treatises both Continental and English. Marlowe draws on the imagery of alchemy in *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus* with the zest you would expect of a poet of high imagination, but there is nothing particularly learned or advanced in these materials. He has, evidently, a fondness for the occult not only in alchemy but also in magic and witchcraft, contrasting sharply with his dominantly rationalistic approach. Yet the broad scheme of his science is the Aristotelian one taught in the schools. It is true, of course, that there was as yet no full-scale alternative. But developments were taking place in astronomy, for example, with which Marlowe does not seem to have been acquainted. By Marlowe's day the Copernican system was already accepted by the most advanced English astronomers like Recorde, Dee, Digges, and Harriott and was widely discussed by the others. Indeed, it

was meeting resistance from the conservatives because it seemed to contravene certain biblical texts describing the earth as static and the sun as revolving about it. One would think that precisely for this reason Marlowe would rush to publicize Copernicanism in his plays, but in fact there is not one passage in all of his work which shows any knowledge of Copernican astronomy, and there are a great many which accept the old Ptolemaic-Aristotelian universe. Marlowe was not the man to maintain the old lest the new offend his public. More probably, he simply turned into poetry the science which he had learned at the university, being more absorbed in his anti-Christian crusade than in late scientific progress.

What, then, of Thomas Harriott, astronomer and mathematician, whom Marlowe seems to have known personally, and what of his connections with the School of Night? My own conviction is that there never was a School of Night in the sense in which that theory has been built up by some groups of scholars, notably in England. The whole hypothesis that there was a closely knit group of advanced thinkers around Sir Walter Ralegh, meeting, I suppose, in secret sessions by candlelight to discuss dark and dangerous ideas, is erected on the flimsiest of foundations. A casual line in *Love's Labour's Lost*, which may even have been garbled by the printer, a number of characteristically unintelligible expressions in Chapman's *The Shadow of Night*, a supposed similarity of ideas between the supposed members of the circle—out of this kind of evidence some interpreters have allowed themselves to construct a Ralegh society guided by a uniformity of programme and thought, and have made Marlowe a charter member of it. Perhaps it is not altogether fair to ridicule a theory the evidence for which I have not space to review in detail, but I may be permitted to comment that there is very little proof that some of the putative members of the group even knew each other at all, much less carried on an intimate relationship; further, the ideas which their writings share are likewise common to the whole climate of Elizabethan thought, not unique in any way.

The case is stronger for a close connection between Marlowe and Harriott. Kyd mentions that Marlowe knew the astronomer, and Marlowe himself names him in friendly terms in the Baines note. But the evidence for this personal friendliness exists for only the last year or so of Marlowe's life. Most of the poet's recourse to science, on the other hand, comes in his early plays, *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus*. Perhaps the fact that he did not know Harriott at that time explains his apparent ignorance of the new discoveries in science. At all events, Marlowe is still the individualist who may have a close friend or two but is not committed as a member of anybody's circle, Ralegh's or another's.

His interest in science, viewed in the large, is, as one would anticipate, the poet's rather than the scientist's. He treats it as a source of imagery and a method of getting into his work a feeling of the scope and solidity and wonder of the universe. About details he is often inaccurate, but there is never any mistake about his grasp of the general principles and his power

to infuse them with the transcendent light of imagination. Marlowe's mind possesses in almost equal degrees the forces of rationality, factuality, on the one hand, and imaginative wonder and strangeness on the other. Their fusion produces his greatest work, and their periodic failure to fuse does much to explain the contradictions in his character and writing.

It would be wrong, I believe, to think of Marlowe as remaining forever static in rebellion. Men change. His plays from first to last are a record of that change. They move somewhat away from triumphant egoism toward a keener realization of the existence of an outside world possessed of laws, physical and moral, to which the central egoism is subject and responsible. The measure of this development is the difference between victorious Tamburlaine, brilliant in his solitude, and defeated Edward, surrounded by personalities which finally overshadow and overpower him. But these things are passing lights against the darker nimbus of Marlowe's permanent, underlying preoccupation with self.

It is to be doubted whether we shall ever know enough about Marlowe to understand the first causes which produced these intellectual and psychological attitudes. Did his rejection of Christianity begin as an emotional dislike nurtured by boyhood experiences or as a mature intellectual dissatisfaction with the adequacy of its doctrines? Or what complex of yet deeper, undecipherable reasons brought it about? Did his irreligion in turn lead on to his other departures from normal Renaissance doctrine, or did these have a separate origin? Whence his basic lack of understanding of other people? Did it stem from those other sources of emotional and ideational separation, or was it perhaps the explanation of them all? Whatever the answers, my concern is that we should not apply to Marlowe a narrow moral judgment which would distort for us the beauty and power of his work. It seems enough to recognize him for what he was, an inaccessible but tortured spirit, and to understand the meaning of his works in the light of that recognition.

POETRY AND THE FREUDIAN AESTHETIC

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

SIGMUND FREUD began with the unconscious, the seat of the neuroses, but it was not long before he made a nimble jump and concluded that the mental processes in the neurotic are substantially the same as those in "normal" people. He went even further, maintaining that everything mental is unconscious. On the basis of his knowledge of the unconscious, he boldly attempted to provide the crucial psychological clue to the understanding of the creative process. In an essay included in his *Collected Papers*, Freud argues that the artist is one who "turns from reality because he cannot come to terms with the demand for the renunciation of instinctual satisfactions as it is first made, and who then in phantasy-life allows full play to his erotic and ambitious wishes. But he finds a way of return from this world of phantasy back to reality; with his special gifts he moulds his phantasies into a new kind of reality, and men concede them a justification as valuable reflections of actual life." By means of his imagination, the artist, without actually reshaping reality, achieves the role he dreams of; people admire his creations because they are troubled by the same instinctual frustrations he feels. For all human beings are poets at heart in that they tend to day-dream, creating elaborate phantasies to compensate them for the lack of gratification in reality. This early formulation of the Freudian aesthetic has remained virtually unchanged through the years, though it has been carried to fantastic lengths by some of Freud's disciples.

The functional relation of psycho-analysis to aesthetics will have to be critically re-examined and radically revised. The initial mistake was to allow the crude and dogmatic theories of the psycho-analysts to pass unchallenged. Men trained in literature and the humanities, men of quivering sensibility and profound intuition, offered only token resistance, a mild or scornful remonstrance. Aesthetics lay defenceless before the invasion of the pseudo-scientific Freudians, and they had pretty much their own way.

Psycho-analysis has done aesthetics, and particularly poetry, a great disservice by constantly emphasizing the pathological aspects of genius. In the first flush of fanatical enthusiasm, disciples of Freud embraced the belief that genius was decidedly an abnormal manifestation. The creative instinct could be analysed in the same way as the pathogenic states of paranoia and hysteria, since they were essentially similar phenomena. Literature, in short, was a forest in which psycho-analysts hunted the hare of neurotic symptoms. This was the vulgar bias which led so many of them, including a band of converted literary critics, astray. Extremists were prepared to demonstrate on "scientific" grounds that poetry was but a sublimation of sinister psychopathic desires.

There is nothing wrong in bringing to light the pathological element in literature, wherever it happens to exist. Many men of genius clearly betray signs of mental aberration or personality maladjustment. There is no harm in attempting to trace, as Mario Praz does convincingly in *The Romantic Agony*, the relation between their work and their constructive abnormality. But psycho-analysts refused to limit their field of operation; they insisted on formulating universally valid "laws" of the creative life, and that is how the devil's mischief started. Freud led the way with his study of Leonardo da Vinci, and he was followed by a host of ingenious disciples hot on the scent of Oedipus complex, oral-anal eroticism, sadism and masochism, paranoia, and dementia praecox. Otto Rank completed an impressive scholarly work on the incest motive in mythology and poetry. Pfister undertook to psycho-analyse the productions of art. Jung, off on a mystical tangent of his own, discovered the collective unconscious.

There is little warrant for the assumption that the artist is pathological by nature. It is the monistic stress on this phase of literature and art which has done so much to awaken a profound distrust of the psycho-analytic method in aesthetics. Of late some psycho-analysts, becoming aware at last of the overwhelming complexity of the aesthetic problem, have adopted a more objective attitude toward art and its relation to the unconscious, though without, of course, abandoning their central thesis. Perhaps the expression of the creative impulse is not entirely pathological after all. The artist consciously bends all his energies in the direction of aesthetic expression. Nevertheless, art, it is alleged, betrays unmistakable implications derived from the dynamic unconscious. In an article on "Psychoanalysis and the Artist," Ernest Jones, a loyal English disciple of Freud, declares: "Art seeks to transcend life; if I may descend to pathological terms I would say that it represents in part a flight from life." He is forced to admit, however, that it is infinitely more than that, since it is vitally related to the deepest instincts of humanity. Hence he revises his statement to read: "Art is certainly more than a flight from life. It is also an expression of life, but it is an expression under the guise of flight." There the Freudian bias emerges in naked form, even though Ernest Jones is aware of a curious contradiction involved in the creative act. Though the ultimate source of inspiration is personal, the artist strives to express it in impersonal universal terms. Practically nothing is said of the gulf which separates the artist from the dreamer. No insight is revealed into the interior forces which make the poet the inspired spokesman of humanity. The Freudian aesthetic utterly fails to show why one man becomes an artist while another remains hopelessly frustrated and inarticulate. It is foolish to single out the pathogenic as the decisive factor in the creation of literature and art. So many men suffer from some crushing abnormality who never achieve the liberating word.

Psycho-analysis stands or falls on its heuristic postulate of the unconscious. By means of the complex operations of the unconscious, every

phenomenon in human life, social or individual, can be explained. But the unconscious is also the depository of racial memories, inherited fears and predispositions, the repressions and traumas of infantile life, the taboos sternly imposed by culture. It is a primitive force, libidinal energy dammed up but breaking through all barriers to express its inexpugnable needs. Poetry as an expression of the unconscious is alleged to function in a manner strikingly similar to the dream. If the neurosis is an unsuccessful work of art, then the work of art may be regarded as a successfully consummated neurosis. In order to make the forbidden contents of the unconscious acceptable to the ego, poetry disguises its latent content. Hence it is clear that the subliminal life of the poet is not fundamentally different from that of the average man. The pleasure derived from the day-dream is similar in kind though not in degree to the aesthetic pleasure derived from poetry. Both serve the purpose of wish-fulfilment, the only difference between them being that one is purely personal in its reference while the other is more universal. The artist speaks for his fellow-men as well as for himself.

While the artist may draw some of his material from the store-house of the unconscious, disagreement arises as soon as the psycho-analysts begin their exploration of the motive forces that actually condition art. The artist, they assert, relies upon the unconscious because he is impelled by the universal need to escape from a reality that is refractory to his will and to return to an intra-uterine state in which every wish is magically gratified. Since this is exactly the device employed in the neurosis, the conclusion follows that the artist possesses many traits in common with the neurotic. Art is thus not exempt from its invidious association with mental disease.

It is about time that a quietus was put to all this irresponsible talk about the neurotic character of the artist. The theory of the unconscious on which the Freudian aesthetic rests is not above suspicion. The unconscious is not open to clinical inspection and its secret processes cannot be empirically examined and confirmed. What goes on in the mind of the artist at the time of composition is unknown to both the psycho-analyst and the creator. In his book *Art and Artists*, Otto Rank attacks Freud's conception of a mysterious unconscious obsessively concerned with the worship of sex. Such a conception remains but a "pseudo-metaphor for the inconceivable, the divine." And he iconoclastically concludes that "the prevalent psychology has already failed in the task of finding a satisfactory explanation for the birth of an individual work, even when the artist is historically known and his artistic personality has been studied biographically." This puts the matter in a nutshell. It takes an ex-Freudian to catch a Freudian *in flagrante delicto*.

Psycho-analysis is manifestly ineffectual in its efforts to account for the formal effects achieved by poetry. Rhythmic activity is diagnosed as possessing a sexual significance. In the beginning was the Womb, not the Word. Rhyme and rhythm are but decorative allurements for a

primarily organic gratification. Plainly the trouble with psycho-analysis is that it tries to be universal in its applications, to include every phenomenon of human thought, feeling, and behaviour within its scope. What was once a rigorous therapeutic method has been transformed into an ideology, a metaphysics, an aesthetic. As a therapeutic method psycho-analysis has its indisputable value, but as a doctrine with pretensions to universal validity it betrays an imperialistic will to power and infects whatever it touches. This ideological imperialism lends itself admirably to a strategic blasting of the motives of anyone who dares to oppose psycho-analysis. By thus dragging to light hidden motives and unconscious desires, the psycho-analysts become as powerful and infallible as the Church of Rome once was. Unfortunately the occupational psychosis from which the Freudians in particular suffer leads them to extremes, and the victims finally rebel. Circe's wand fails to perform its wonted magic. The men will not turn into beasts.

Poetry is social in character; it has the power of moving men. Unlike the dream, which has no relation to art, it is invested with form. In the dream, moreover, words play a secondary role. The surrealists seem to forget that language in the dream is not and need not be communicable whereas the poet shapes language to express faithfully the character of his intuition. The dreamer regresses to primitive levels of expression; he thinks in images or pictures rather than in words. If the unconscious is a-social in nature, governed tyrannically by the pleasure-principle, how then does art, a social product, emerge? In *The Creative Unconscious* Hanns Sachs tries to solve this riddle by maintaining that great works of art are social precisely because they collaborate fruitfully with the great unconscious. The poet expiates his consuming sense of guilt by taking all humanity into his secret. Art is still instigated by the daemonic forces of the unconscious; it is still a sublimated expression of instinctual needs, but the artist conceals the sources of his psychic conflict by giving his work a logical and formal finish. Art, in brief, is a smuggling of repressed contents across the guarded borders of consciousness. The poet succeeds where the dreamer remains in a private world of phantasy because he does not allow the impulse to self-gratification to predominate. He satisfies his narcissistic cravings by turning art into a religion.

Here is another example of the fictionalizing genius of the Freudians, their ability to weave a pseudo-scientific theory out of whole cloth. There is nothing empirical in this analysis of the creative process; it is all conjectural and utterly fantastic. For the genuine empiricist art would be taken as the primary datum. All men possess the desire to create beauty in some form or other; those who possess it in a pre-eminent degree become the poets and artists of the race. The communicative urge is an integral part of the creative instinct, without which it would not be consummated. It is a gratuitous importation to introduce the element of guilt-anxiety, the release of repressed contents, the gratification of instinctual wishes. To

invoke the great unconscious as the creative source of art is about as illuminating as to speak of the Muse. Why assume that the poet is one who withdraws from reality in order to commune with the oracles of the unconscious? Why argue that the painstaking devotion with which he labours on his work till he achieves some approximation of the perfection he dreams of, is narcissistic in character? Such far-fetched theories fail to explain why some poets succeed where others fail, why one poem produces its effect while another fails dismally.

The actual effect of the Freudian aesthetic on literature has not yet been properly appraised. More important perhaps than the Freudian conception of the nature of art and the function of the artist is the problem of what poets have done with the psycho-analytic doctrine and method. How have they put these to constructive use in their work? What psycho-analytic ideas and methods have been applied to literature, enriching its substance and influencing its technique of expression?

There can be no doubt that modern poetry—for example, the work of W. H. Auden—has progressed in subtlety, complexity, and depth by experimenting with "free association." In the psycho-analytic seance, the patient relaxes on a couch and is asked to tell, without censorship or interference of any kind, whatever happens to come to his mind, no matter how trivial or nonsensical. This is the a-logical, uncontrolled thinking which the surrealists have adopted as an integral part of their creative method. Though the surrealists conveniently fail to catch this implication, "free association" is predicated on the Freudian doctrine of psychic determinism. There are no fortuitous leaps, no accidents, in the psychic universe. The task of the psycho-analyst is to trace the psychic symptoms back to their hiding-place in the caverns of the unconscious. The patient must be made conscious of his real thoughts and feelings, since he cannot overcome his own psychic resistance.

This is where the surrealists go astray. They assume that whatever the unconscious throws up from the libido-churned depths must be marvellously beautiful, profoundly original and creative. They depend too passively on the technique of "free association" and psychic automatism; they deny the need for any principle of selection, a sieve which would separate the chaff from the grain, the nonsensical and meaningless from the significant.

The one poet who has earnestly attempted to clarify his position on art and its relation to psycho-analysis is W. H. Auden. To be sure, the clinical description of madness, the use of associational writing, the significance of nonsense passages, are no special discovery of modern times; they were put into practice by the Elizabethans, who were Freudians before the birth of Freud. But for Auden the importance of Freud is greater than his scientific language or therapeutic techniques. He typifies a philosophy of life, a *Weltanschauung*. Auden accepts the conception of the artist as socially maladjusted but stresses the signal value of his contribution to society. Auden is thus confronted with the very paradox that plagues the

Freudians in their attempts to construct a rounded aesthetic: how can a work of art that has its origin in a neurosis become of value to society?

Auden follows Freud in the belief that the artist, like the neurotic, is impelled toward sublimation by some emotionally frustrating experience in childhood; and he follows him in believing that the artist is not disinterested in his activity since he expects to be rewarded. When a difficult conflicting situation arises one may react in a number of ways: by shamming death like the idiot; by hiding in a cave of phantasy; by wreaking vengeance on society in criminal-sadistic fashion; by falling ill; and finally, by understanding, as does the artist, the nature of the trap set for one and skilfully getting out of it.

Auden parts company with the Freudians in denying that the poet is seized by some divine frenzy of unconscious inspiration. The poet is primarily a craftsman. A great deal of literature is not, as the Freudian psycho-analyst maintains, pathological in spirit and substance. In the throes of composition, what the poet is most sharply aware of are technical problems. In his treatment of symbols, the psycho-analyst "fails to explain why of two words dealing with the same unconscious material, one is aesthetically good and the other bad; indeed . . . few psycho-analysts in their published work show any signs of knowing that aesthetic standards exist."

This is a shrewdly effective refutation, though Auden is probably not aware that logically it entails a rejection of the whole Freudian aesthetic. If we grant the hypothesis of the unconscious, then Auden's arguments fall to the ground. The psycho-analyst postulates a law of causality at work in the psychic universe, so that the poet, even in his purely technical preoccupation with consonants and vowels, is, according to this theory, betraying an unconscious predisposition. But Auden's arraignment of psycho-analysis for its failure to set up aesthetic standards is the most damaging blow he has delivered.

While Freudianism has directed the artist's attention to dreams and childhood impressions and the flow of unconscious memories, the artist's interest in these matters must remain conscious. The artist, a definite person, is impelled to write by a variety of interests and impulses, but he derives much of his material from his experiences in the outer world. Finally he is faced with the difficult task of mastering the artistic medium which is no longer personal but racial in character. That is why Auden concludes that art is more than an autobiographical confession. "The associations," he argues, "are always greater than those of an individual. A medium complicates and distorts the creative impulse behind it. It is, in fact, largely the medium, and thorough familiarity with the medium, with its unexpected results, that enable the artist to develop from elementary uncontrolled phantasy, to deliberate phantasy directed toward understanding." Auden would thus liberalize the value of Freudianism for literature, fuse it with other important features of the environment:

the theories of modern physics, the contributions of technology, the impact of politics and economics.

With this as background material we are able to understand much in Auden's poetic practice which might otherwise remain obscure. He recognizes—an insight gleaned from his study of Freud—that not only sin or crime but all illness is purposive. The neurosis is essentially an attempt to arrive at a cure. Poetry cannot explicitly advise people what to do. Propaganda is foreign to its purpose. Finally he suggests a tentative basis for reconciling the teachings of Freud and Marx. One deals with the failures who are ill, the other with the failures who are poor, but Auden realizes that the two disciplines are kept apart by decisive differences in method and outlook. One would first regenerate the spirit of man before he proceeded to work outwards, the other would transform the material conditions of society and thus transform the man inside. The Freudian is convinced that the Marxist needs above all things to understand himself. "Both are right. As long as civilization remains as it is, the number of patients the psychologist can cure are very few, and as soon as socialism attains power, it must learn to direct its own interior energy and will need the psychologist." This is obviously no reconciliation. It is apparent that today Auden has drifted away from not only his Marxist but also his Freudian orientation, though still retaining his use of words in associational rather than strictly logical sequence. The difference can be gauged if one compares his brooding metaphysical lyrics in *The Double Man* with those included in *The Ascent of F6* and *The Orators*.

It is significant that Louis MacNeice should also have sought to come to terms with psycho-analysis. He acknowledges, in *Modern Poetry*, his indebtedness to the Freudian aesthetic. As a young man at Oxford he had attacked Robert Graves' conception of the unconscious as the supremely creative principle. That represented, he then felt, an abdication of responsibility. Though the unconscious was active in the writing of poetry, he failed to see why consciousness had to take flight before the dark hosts of the unconscious. Later, however, he fell deeply under the influence of the Freudian school of thought. With Freud he maintained that "most poets are neurotic above the average, though I would not agree that they are for this reason unhappy or their work of little value." The assumption in MacNeice's case is that a knowledge of genetic origins affords us insight into the value of a work of art, whereas it does nothing of the kind. Why is the act of poetic composition more "neurotic" than writing books on psycho-analysis or cutting people open in operating rooms or delivering babies into the world? If poets are neurotic above the average, then for heaven's sake let us admit that we are all neurotic, and be done with it.

MacNeice refrains from analysing the neuroses of living poets, but he states that several of them are suffering from parental conflicts and several are homosexual. The same statement could be made, without fear of contradiction, about school-teachers, clergymen, lawyers, jurists, military

men, and perhaps even about psycho-analysts. If a surprising number of modern poets have obvious psychological complexes, these are the star-crossed chances of life, and they befall all types and conditions of men. But the only concession MacNeice will make here is that such a genesis for poetry does not invalidate its being a "normal" activity, since by writing poetry the poet returns to reality: a neat paraphrase of the Freudian doctrine.

What then is the score? On the negative side, psycho-analysis has not only sexualized art but also reduced the artist to a neurotic. This was its most challenging and most destructive contribution: the association of poetry with oral-anal eroticism, the Oedipus complex, the trauma of birth, infantile fixations of one kind or another, sado-masochism, unresolved emotional conflicts. The knowledge that the poet was possessed of a *constructive* abnormality, that he built a bridge from dreamland to reality, was of little assurance or concrete help. What was most amazing was that some poets took over this jargon of psycho-pathology and proceeded, as in the case of Louis MacNeice, to draw a causal connection between the writing of poetry and psychic imbalance.

On the positive side, psycho-analysis had a fruitful influence in that it "discovered" the unconscious as a source of the creative process. Though the deductions the Freudians draw are speculative and highly dubious, the technique of "free association" has, as in the case of W. H. Auden, helped to vitalize poetic practice. Henceforth the poet depends on emotional rather than logical associations; henceforth he can recognize the nucleus of sense in the patter of nonsense, the significance of puns and fairy tales and jokes. The surrealists, carrying this method to an extreme, rely entirely on the genius of the unconscious to do their work for them. The unconscious has become the Great Mother, the fountain of inspiration; all one has to do is to become the faithful secretary of the winds of the spirit. And free association gives way to psychic automatism and objective hazard. Psychic determinism is corrupted to read that mysterious events —the Heisenberg Principle of Indeterminacy in the psychic realm—are brewing in the cauldron of the unconscious: myths, marvels, racial memories, archetypal images, the flora and fauna of dreams. Other surrealists go even further and frankly accept the stigmata of perversion, the creative enrichment and uniqueness that are bound to come from paranoiac roots. Salvador Dali is the coryphaeus of this movement which transforms disease into a creative principle.

The most forceful argument against the Freudian aesthetic is that it furnishes neither the critic nor the artist with a standard which he can legitimately apply to a work of art. W. H. Auden perceived that this was so and thus retained his intellectual independence as a poet and his integrity as a man. Neither Freudianism nor Marxism can determine why a poem, whatever its psychogenetic or societal origins, succeeds whereas

another miserably fails. One tells us a great deal about infantile fixations, the flow of libido, the homosexual component; the other analyses the forces at conflict in capitalistic society, the dynamics of the class struggle. Neither tells us anything significant about the central, all-important problem of aesthetic value. Psycho-analysis as a method for curing psycho-neurotic disorders can be accepted, but psycho-analysis as a metaphysics of the mind or as a cosmology or as an aesthetic stands suspect.

It is dangerous to confound categories of judgment. A psycho-analysis of poetry is no more valid than an aesthetic consideration of psycho-analysis would be. Each has its own specific problems and techniques. Poetry, like speech, is a mode of social behaviour, a communication of attitudes and values. It is as natural a function, and as necessary, as eating and breathing. For poetry, like music, is an expression of man's effort, before the darkness falls and the eternal silence supervenes, to comprehend the meaning of this journey to the end of night. Precisely because it realizes so profoundly the brevity and precariousness of human existence in the time-space continuum does it make for the intensification and enrichment of life. Poetry is the restless search-light of human consciousness probing the mystery that hems us in on all sides.

The psycho-analyst who seriously maintains that the poet is a neurotic should himself be exposed to a remorseless psycho-analysis—by the poet. There is something grotesque and scandalous in having the bumbling psycho-analyst pass judgment on the fruits of the creative process. What, after all, does he know about it?

SITUATIONAL SATIRE: A COMMENTARY ON THE METHOD OF SWIFT

RICARDO QUINTANA

MUCH depends on the readiness with which we acknowledge the element of impersonality in literary art. The impersonality of drama we perceive and accept instinctively, since our normal responses to a play are grounded in this very acceptance. We do not confuse the dramatist with his characters; unless we are Romantic critics writing on Shakespeare, we do not take the play as direct expression of the writer's personality. The play stands forth as an artifice; we are willing to think of it and discuss it in terms of structural form. How different in this respect our reactions are to most non-dramatic forms of literary art can be measured by the degree to which we confound the writer and the written work. When we see the work and its author as interchangeable, when we take the work to be an act at the level of every-day behaviour, we have pretty well lost sight of the impersonal element and the presence of anything in the nature of deliberate method and form. For such reasons we often find it hard to come to terms with the lyric poem as a poem, as a construct, with the result that much of our commentary on poetry turns out to be either description of our impressions or reconstruction—largely imaginary—of a precise moment in the poet's emotional history with which we have chosen to equate the poem. Perhaps we find it hardest of all to admit of any distinction between a satirist and his satiric composition—and this despite the fact that satire is much more obviously a form of rhetoric than is lyric poetry. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that Swift's satiric method, which everywhere stares us in the face, is only dimly recognized to be a method. We praise Swift's style; we speak of his use of allegory and his mastery of disgust; but we do not follow through with conviction. Sooner or later we allow the personality of Swift to take over and in consequence to obscure the artist, the craftsman, who after all is only Jonathan Swift's distant relative.

It is perfectly apparent—and here is a key that will unlock the first door—that in every one of Swift's more notable prose satires we have a fictional character or group of characters: Lemuel Gulliver; Isaac Bickerstaff; M. B., Drapier; the humanitarian projector who writes *A Modest Proposal*; the three brothers in the *Tale of a Tub*. What we refuse to see is that Swift himself is *not* present, that it is the characters who are in complete charge. Swift's method is uniformly by way of dramatic satire. He creates a fully realized character and a fully realized world for him to move in. Sometimes, as in *Gulliver's Travels*, the satiric action is developed in terms of the character's reactions to this world; but frequently the action

is of essentially another sort, deriving from the crazy assurance with which the character makes himself at home in his cloud-cuckoo-land, tidies the place up, and proceeds to enlarge the bounds of his estate. The difference referred to is a real one, a genuine difference of method, something much more ponderable than the words which must be used to describe it. It is the difference between Gulliver and Bickerstaff, between the *Travels* and the Partridge-Bickerstaff Papers. Gulliver is a reluctant explorer, cast by storms and tides upon strange countries where he is compelled to live at the mercy of the inhabitants. Isaac Bickerstaff, by contrast, is at the mercy of nothing: he assumes such complete control over the laws of logic and astrology that he does not hesitate to condemn a man to death and carry out the sentence.

The latter method is more characteristic of Swift than the method employed in *Gulliver's Travels*. Both are dramatic in the sense suggested, consisting of the depiction of characters and worlds, the character being sometimes projected into a world prepared for him in advance, but more often being allowed to create one for himself. It is in regard to the character's creation of his own world that we begin to suspect that something more than what we ordinarily think of as a dramatic method has perhaps entered into the compositions of Swift. In the *Tale of a Tub* we hear of "many famous discoveries, projects, and machines," of noteworthy devices, of arts highly useful to the commonwealth. In point of fact, the entire *Tale* and its accompanying *Discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* are one long series of projects, devices, and machines, spun out with amazing bravura. What was there about projectors and projects that so fascinated this particular satiric artist?

II

Before pressing on in further search of Swift's satiric method, we ought perhaps to establish our larger view. The misinterpretation of Swift is proverbial, but with fewer exceptions than is sometimes realized those who have written about him have fought energetically against the deep-lying prejudices of the sort voiced so deplorably and so brilliantly by Thackeray. It happens that we know a good deal of both the private life of Swift and his public career, and much about his motives, interests, prejudices, and theoretical convictions. Criticism, as distinct from biography, is concerned to find the relationship between the man and the artist, but this it can do with some degree of effectiveness only through a sense of the general problem. How do the writer as man and the writer as artist stand to one another? Where does personality end and impersonality begin?

Satire, as much as and no less than drama and lyric poetry, is a construct. It is precisely devised literary composition, a form of rhetoric. It may proceed, as we have seen, by way of characters whose actions are recorded objectively or who speak as in a play; but even in the absence of such

ikons there is still the assumed character of the satirist, which despite a convincingly deceptive egotism is quite as much an imaginative creation as any ikon. Nor, in another and more vital respect, is there any substantial difference between satire on the one hand and drama and lyric poetry on the other. Each of these fashions its own world, not as Swift creates the land of the Houyhnhnms or Shakespeare the island of Prospero, but rather in the sense that *Gulliver's Travels*—all of it—is a world, that *The Tempest*—the play as a totality—is its own, complete universe. This special world is a most complex structure, having a logic of its own which governs feeling and speech. It is at once a way of looking at things, a way of feeling, and a way of speaking.

The writer himself, the man with a human character and practical motives, is present of course, but he stands several levels away from this manner of feeling and speech. The avowed intention of the satirist is to expose folly and evil and to castigate them, and there is no satire worthy of the name which does not in fact establish a moral dichotomy: right over against wrong, rectified vision or virtue against twisted vision, human dignity and freedom against stupidity, blindness, perversity. If the moral sense of some satirists—of Byron, for instance—seems elementary, the moral sense of Swift we recognize as that inherited from the humanist tradition, in which man's freedom was defined in terms of ethical responsibility and in accord with the Christian awareness of human incapacity and failure. The drift of Swift's satiric statements, their intellectual-ethical significance, the practical effects they were designed to achieve are made clear by the history of the age and our knowledge of Swift's character. The impact of his satires is another problem, for their meaning as satiric constructs embraces something which is more than their practical meaning and qualitatively different from it. What this other thing is, is the question, or rather, how to find the terms which will enable us to talk about it without evasion. It is a way of thought and feeling, but only as it is a method—a tone, a style, a manner of execution—can it be described in the language which criticism must come to when it seeks to put close observation in the place of impressionism.

III

It is essential to sense the fact that the method of Swift is a good deal more than what we often think of as a method. Fundamentally, it is an imaginative point of view, making possible and controlling a kind of translation into terms peculiar to a certain angle of perception. This means that it cannot be exclusively identified with any single procedure or device however characteristic of Swift. Though dramatic construction marks all of his best-known satiric works, it would be a mistake to regard such construction as the gist of the matter. Similarly, we have to resist any temptation to single out Swift's use of allegory or of parody in an effort to isolate his method. All of these devices operate together; they are modes

of expression within a single language; they are functions of something larger. What name we find for this enclosing method is not particularly important, since there is no precise term that can do all the necessary work. *Situational satire* will serve.

A satire of Swift's is, we may say, an exhibited situation or series of such situations. Once the situation has been suggested, once its tone, its flavour have been given, it promptly takes command of itself and proceeds to grow and organize by virtue of its own inherent principles. It is a state of affairs within which, as we mistakenly put it, "anything can happen"—mistakenly because everything that does happen is instantly recognized as a part of *this*, a unique situation. Nevertheless, the room for self-improvisation seems limitless, and the comic scale ranges from the hilarious to the grim. It is to be observed that the satirist is himself not involved: he is as much an observer, as much outside all the fuss and nonsense, as we are. (Is it this that we mean when, in speaking of the satires, we comment on the "coldness of Swift"? We know that he was not cold, else we should not be quoting his epitaph as we do.) For the incidents which come to pass no one can be held responsible, any more than for the ideas and emotions which appear. What we have is, literally, an exhibition: everything is shown; everything is at least one degree removed from reality. In short, the situation may be thought of as a kind of chamber within which ideas and emotions are made to move and collide at accelerated speed.

With a recognition of the situation as such comes a perception of the functional character of Swift's favourite devices, which serve both in the creation of the situation and in the generation of the kinetic energy by which it is sustained. There are at least five of these devices that strike us forcibly: drama by way of created characters; parody, or at any rate the imitation of a specific literary *genre*; allegory; the "myth"; and "discoveries, projects, and machines." Of the first of these enough has already been said. Nor is it necessary to dwell at length on Swift's use of parody; we find epic parody in the closing passages of the *Battle*, parody of modern scribblers throughout the *Tale*, parody of the projector's pamphlet in the *Modest Proposal*, and the faithful reproduction, in *Gulliver's Travels*, of the style, tone, and matter-of-fact reporting found in the genuine travel-books of the time. Parody is in itself so close to the dramatic method that the two are sometimes difficult to distinguish; in Swift, parody is only another means of creating and exploiting a situation having its own unmistakable thickness. The world which the *Modest Proposal* invites us to live in is our own familiar world twice refracted, our world as remade in the enthusiastic imagination of a typical projector, and that remade world further distorted through parody.

Allegory in Swift's satires is really of two sorts. When it sets up a recognizable parallelism between two systems of events or ideas it derives quite directly from the kind of allegory which was constantly being used by post-Restoration writers in commenting on contemporary events. The

political allegory running through *Gulliver's Travels* is of this nature. Much the same are the short fable (the spider-bee episode in the *Battle*) and the extended fable (the story of the animated books in the *Battle* and the story of the three brothers in the *Tale*). The whole point of allegory thus employed lies in clear correspondence, one set of details suggesting and interpreting another set. But if we agree that the *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* is "by way of allegory," we find ourselves confronted by something that does not fully answer to this kind of running parallelism. In this latter satiric fragment, attached to the *Tale* and the *Battle*, we are reminded that Mahomet refused fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans, and "would be borne to Heaven upon nothing but his ass"; and to go on "by way of allegory," we are asked to use, for the term *ass*, that of *gifted* or *enlightened teacher* and for *rider*, *fanatic auditory*. In this case, it seems, almost any parallelism no matter how fantastic will serve, since what is required is only an initial correspondence. The "allegory" does not throw light; rather, it is a challenge in response to which there arises a crazy world where religious fervour is created by mechanical means. And even where Swift is using allegory for sustained correspondence, one sometimes observes that the emerging situation tends to assert its independence. In the *Tale of a Tub*, for instance, the allegorical base on which the story of the three brothers rests never drops from sight, but with Peter and again with Jack we have an exuberant and perverted sense of power, of capacity to improvise and invent, which though in accord with the religious allegory is altogether in excess of it.

What have been called Swift's "myths" are familiar to every reader of the satires. Thus, it is the animal myth which informs both the *Modest Proposal* and the fourth book of *Gulliver's Travels*. Others appear in the *Tale of a Tub*, giving us that sect who worship tailors because of a belief that the universe is a large suit of clothes, the Aeolists who affirm "the gift of belching to be the noblest act of a rational creature," and the philosophical system which holds that all notable achievements are the result of madness. The Hobbian myth is of frequent occurrence: a set of principles, a practical programme, worked out from the assumption that man is a physical mechanism, his acts a phase not of intelligence but solely of matter. It is this kind of systematized make-believe, a nonsensical "as is," that gives life to the latter part of Gulliver's description of the Grand Academy of Lagado (Book III, chapter VI), where we are told of that school of political projectors whose admirable practices result from a clear understanding of the strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body.

In what sense are these expanded metaphors to be taken as myths? The distinctive character of Swift's intuition, of his imaginative grasp of the human dilemma, is a moral realism which renounces with superb pride any mythological vision of human destiny. Only the fool believes he can see better through coloured glasses. The burden of civilization can be

borne solely by such as have learned that human dignity is achieved not through hope but through wilful disillusion, acceptance, resolution. If one sought to be paradoxical, one could say that the only myth genuinely embraced by Swift is the myth that there are no myths, the myth for which he found many statements, all of them variants of the single theme of the outside vs. the inside. "Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse." This moral realism, emphasizing so mordantly and so insistently the deceptive fairness of the surface in contrast with what lies inside, was with Swift a passionate belief. Its metaphorical expressions, however, are less in the nature of myths than anti-myths, being in fact a kind of parody with a grim and earnest purpose. As statements they are designed to narrow, to shrink, not to enlarge.

The myths previously referred to (the Hobbian myth, etc.) are clearly of the fantastic order, and often blend into those "discoveries, projects, and machines" of which so much is said in the satires. Indeed, what for the projector himself is a cherished myth is for us an anti-myth, a machine, art, or device concocted in that madhouse which is the enthusiast's brain. The myth and the project, no less than dramatic form, parody, and allegory, are means whereby situations are brought about.

IV

That the method we have been speaking of appears for the first time in the great satire published in 1704, comprising the *Tale*, the *Battle*, and the *Mechanical Operation*, and not at all in the earlier Pindaric odes, written during the first years at Moor Park, is perhaps a sufficient reminder that Swift attained artistic maturity when he discovered and put on a hitherto unknown personality, a non-self who spoke and therefore thought a new idiom. The assurance which marks every passage of the 1704 satire is of one who has found creative freedom by learning how to avoid direct participation. The comedy of ideas, the self-developing irony of the situation require no intervention. Yet somehow, in this comedy that enacts itself and improvises its own language, Swift's passionate intuition has found its proper form.

Though each of the satires included in the 1704 volume is in itself an unmistakable comedy, we must not miss the larger comedy presented by the book as a whole, which by bringing the *Tale*, the *Battle of the Books*, and the *Mechanical Operation* into forced relationship establishes a context within which the three pieces are to be construed. Everything about them, the forms they are cast in, the deplorable gaps in the text, the marginal notes, the impertinence with which they ask to be taken as a trilogy, is part of this inclusive situation.

From this time on the method so brilliantly sustained in *A Tale of a Tub* becomes a part of Swift. It is his *alter ego*, his personality as prose satirist. Seen from the outside (how else can analysis view it?) it is method at the

lower level of stratagem, and Swift knew he had fashioned something in the way of comic technique. "There is one thing," he wrote in the "Apology" (1710) for the *Tale*, "which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse . . . are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose." That it is far more than technique, that it is imagination and intuition, we acknowledge consciously or otherwise through our response to the satiric work of Swift taken as a whole—consciously when we recognize the presence of the artist, instinctively when we think we see a soul writhing in indignation.

Because the method of Swift is more than anything else a creative perception it cannot be summarized. Its essence is its history, its occurrence under different modes in the satires which came to be written. It operates in one fashion in *Gulliver's Travels*, notably in Books I, II, and IV (the comparative ineffectiveness of the third book being attributable to a relaxation of the method save in those passages concerning the virtuosi and the Struldbrugs). We can find it in the Drapier Letters: "They say 'Squire C—y has *Sixteen Thousand Pounds a Year*, now if he sends for the *Rent* to Town, as it is likely he does, he must have *Two Hundred and Forty Horses* to bring up his *Half Years Rent*. . . ." There is nothing to stop such ready calculation, and we shortly find ourselves with £40,000 and 1,200 horses on our hands. Leslie Stephen, speaking with the gravity of a cabinet minister, took exception to the economic heresies which gave rise to such arithmetic. But the Drapier was right, after all. Walpole and Wood were forcing on Ireland a monetary situation that was preposterous. The Drapier's inspired vision of a team of 1,200 horses drawing £40,000—all in copper halfpennies—about the streets of Dublin was no mere Irish myth.

Two final instances of the method. *An Argument against Abolishing Christianity* can perhaps be adequately described as ironic disputation. However, it is disputation that is more than a colloquy between A (who views abolition with concern) and B (all who, for various reasons, would abolish). A is likewise a multiplicity of voices, each point of view that is pressed into service carrying with it a somewhat different personality. It is a dialogue between the speaker's various selves, each of whom has a myth wherewith to confound his adversary; the full pattern of the "argument" emerges solely from eccentric points of reference.

If the *Argument* is Erasmian (and Platonic), *A Modest Proposal* is pure Swift. Nowhere else is the method clearer, nowhere else is the fusion of moral insight and imaginative translation so complete. It is a character in action, a parody, a project, and an animal myth all at once, a situation within which any distinction between art and propaganda seems meaningless.

THE GERMAN REVOLUTION OF 1848

RUDOLF COPER

THE German revolution of 1848 has been the subject of a vast literature, but it has rarely been studied objectively. Consequently, many people judge it not according to its causes and effects but according to their own emotions. To some it appears as a proof that the Germans are, for some "racial" reason, either incapable of appreciating liberty, or able to accept its loss or its non-achievement with equanimity. Still others regard the German revolution of 1848 as an isolated event of the past and ignore it in their appraisal of the political, social, and economic manifestations of Germany's development in the last hundred years.

However, there is one fact which stands out: the German revolution of 1848 was a failure in that it did not promote the political development by which it was brought about. This fact can be explained without recourse to biology and anthropology. Another fact is less obvious but more important: the causes and the failure of this revolution affect Europe and the world even now as the centenary of 1848 has arrived.

The best way to analyse these two points is to describe the aspirations and the policies of the three movements which converged to bring about the German revolution of 1848—nationalism, liberalism, and socialism. In doing so we will, in so far as we have to deal with internal German affairs, confine ourselves to Prussia, because of the overwhelming influence Prussia has exercised upon Germany in the last century. We will also give especial, perhaps undue, consideration to the literary and philosophical expressions of the economic, social, and political movements of nationalism and liberalism; for these literary and philosophical works occupy a place of particular importance among Germany's cultural possessions. They must serve predominantly—positively or negatively, but never by being burned—as media of German re-education no matter what form this re-education is to take. And they can so serve only if they are understood in and through their historical origins.

I

The Holy Roman Empire dissolved in 1806 under the impact of Napoleon. Its fall removed an obstructing rather than promoting agent of German unity; it cleared the way for a progressive German nationalism, the desire to create a modern unified German state. But the fall of the Holy Roman Empire was, so to speak, merely a negative stimulus. The necessary positive stimulus was provided by the national degradation to which Napoleon had reduced Germany. The German people at large were well aware that many of their numerous sovereign princes were making the best of this degradation, that they were enjoying their ignoble rule

under the conqueror, if with varying degrees of complaisance. The wrath of the people, therefore, turned against their princes as well as against Napoleon. What the people wanted was to force their rulers into war against France, and if the rulers would not comply with this demand the people would replace them by other princes. I will call this popular attitude, *pure nationalism*, and I mean by pure nationalism that German nationalism which, up to the end of the Wars of Liberation, had no practical forward-looking aim beyond the ejection of the invader. After the downfall of Napoleon it embraced the cause of a unified German state; but it remained pure, that is, abstract and emotional. It was unable to produce an effective political programme.

This is understandable. There was no German nation. Germany was a geographical term. For centuries past the economic, social, and political conditions in this geographical area had been so wretched that they could not inspire any German with love for his people and his country. When the changed conditions of the Napoleonic era created a foundation for such sentiments it was natural that their expression should be groping, vague, and longing, a political counterpart of Romanticism, *die Romantik*.

In its early stages the *Romantik* was influenced by the individualism of the philosophy of Enlightenment against the coldness of which it otherwise rebelled. But even before the outbreak of the Wars of Liberation a number of Romantic poets and philosophers began to see dangers in the national longing of the Germans, dangers not only in the political but also in the social consequences which the fulfilment of this longing was bound to have. And the longing for the unknown, for a new nation, a new state, a free modern Germany was turned into the longing for the supposedly known, the universal spiritual and secular Empire of the Middle Ages which, in the imagination of the Romantics, assumed a glory and a perfection that it had never possessed.

While the poetry and speculative philosophy of the early *Romantik* did not exercise any appreciable influence upon the economic, social, and political conditions of Germany, the political philosophy of the late *Romantik* had quite a different result. This philosophy had an immense influence upon Germany in its own day, and it was resurrected to serve in forming the Nazi concepts of the individual, society, and the state.

Romantic political philosophy drew its inspiration from a one-sided interpretation of Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* which was published in 1790 and translated into German by Friedrich von Gentz in 1793. Gentz was almost unknown then, but he later became, through the penetrating force of his mind and the brilliancy of his writing, the most effective of German publicists, perhaps to this day. His contemporaries called him "The Pen of Europe."

Gentz was bound by a close friendship to Adam Müller, the foremost economic and political philosopher of the *Romantik*. Like Gentz, Müller was born a Prussian and a Protestant, but unlike Gentz he followed many

other outstanding German Romantics in embracing the Roman Catholic faith at the prime of his life. As an economist and an admirer, though an opponent, of Adam Smith, Müller realized that the nineteenth century belonged to the rising forces of commerce, industry, and finance. But as a political philosopher and a Romantic he abhorred this prospect, and he developed a so-called organic political philosophy that culminated in the idea of a corporate state which was based on privileges of birth and wealth, and in which the privileges were camouflaged by "functionalism"; that is to say, in defining the functions of the various estates (into one of which each person was born) more stress was laid on their duties than on their rights.

Now, the statement that the ideas of Romantic political philosophy—which means chiefly the ideas of Adam Müller—exercised a great influence upon the Germany of his time is not to be taken in its direct meaning. Müller's ideas were repellent to the thoughtful, patriotic, and freedom-loving Germans of the Romantic era. No one realized this fact more clearly than Müller himself. His last published work was a synopsis of a short course in history. It concluded with a passage which though not typical of his writing is yet typical of his thinking: "The conscientious teacher of history in a Catholic school has to refrain from any moral or political criticism of the events he teaches. Only such judgments concerning things and persons as he receives at the hands of the Catholic Church are indisputable."

No, the power of Müller's ideas was not inherent in them, it flowed from an external source. Müller like Gentz was a devoted servant of Metternich; he served him as a theorist while Gentz served him as a practical politician. And if Müller could not force his reactionary ideas upon minds that would not be corrupted, he could at least see to it that progressive ideas were withheld from such minds. In 1819 his master, Metternich, had a rigid press censorship imposed on all Germany. Gentz wrote enthusiastically to Müller: "My dictum stands: 'To prevent any abuse of the press nothing is to be printed . . . Period.' This sentence taken as a rule, with extremely few exceptions that would have to be determined by a tribunal of acknowledged superiority, would lead us back in no time to God and the truth."

The political philosophy of the *Romantik* bore in itself an insoluble contradiction in that it strove to channel modern trends into a reactionary bed, to erect a feudal structure of the state upon the basis of modern conditions of property rights and production. Through this contradiction it repelled pure nationalism which, though much more vague than Romantic nationalism, was not reactionary.

II

Fifteen years after the downfall of Napoleon new forces became prominent in the German political scene. They demanded a thorough, permanent, and progressive transformation of economic, social, and poli-

tical conditions. The *Romantik* was bound to die as a movement. It died, in all its branches, in the same year, 1830, in which also the hegemony of Hegel came to an end—Hegel who in the magnitude of his work is a category unto himself but whose interpretations of history and the state are not free from influences of Romantic political philosophy. We will now trace the development of these new forces up to 1830.

Four weeks before the battle of Waterloo the King of Prussia issued a cabinet order the most important clauses of which were: "(1) A representation of the people is to be established. . . . (4) The competency of the national representation extends to all subjects of legislation that concern the rights of the individual and property rights including taxation." Let us note two points in passing. First, the representation was to be a people's representation. Secondly, it was to be a national body, that is to say, a body representing the whole of Prussia.

A people's representation was of course the foremost postulate of liberalism. Why did Frederick William III who furiously persecuted liberalism promise such a representation? His cabinet order bore the date of May 22, 1815, and it was given at Vienna, that is to say, it was issued during the Congress of Vienna. Two weeks later the Congress adopted the *Bundesakte*, the constitution of the German Confederation which was Vienna's idea of solving the German problem, a problem that had arisen through the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire. Article XIII of the *Bundesakte* read: "There shall be assemblies of the estates in all the States of the Confederation." Again let us make an observation in passing. What Article XIII imposed on the German states was a corporate (estates) constitution, the ideal of Adam Müller, not a people's representation although Frederick William used the latter term in his edict. He had issued this edict in anticipation of Article XIII which article itself was inserted in the *Bundesakte* upon the insistence of that dynamo of progress, Baron vom Stein.

Stein had an intimate knowledge of the miserableness of the German princes. This knowledge made him despair of any progress in Germany if such progress were left to the mercies of these rulers. He, therefore, conceived the scheme of making progress in Germany a European cause.

A number of German states—not, however, Prussia—introduced constitutions in the years following Vienna. But wherever these constitutions seemed to contain concessions to liberal postulates they were suppressed by the *Bundestag*, the legislative organ of the German Confederation. The policy of the *Bundestag* fell completely under the sway of Metternich; it grew more reactionary from year to year. The basis for this reaction was laid by the Decrees of Karlsbad in 1819. In his opening speech at the Conference of Karlsbad "Metternich pointed out . . . that the German Confederation was an integral part of the States system of Europe as established at Vienna . . . [that] Europe then had a special right of interference in the affairs of the Confederation; and [that] it was a matter of

importance to Austria that her German policy should be endorsed by the Powers." However, both Britain and Russia refused to endorse Austria's German policy, refused to have anything to do with the Decrees of Karlsbad. For the British government Castlereagh wrote at that time the memorable words: "Nothing could be more injurious to the idea of government generally than the idea that their force was collectively to be prostituted to the support of established power, without any consideration of the extent to which it was abused."

Memorable though they were, these words remained words only; having protested against the Decrees of Karlsbad, the Powers did nothing to have them revoked. They practised non-intervention—by no means the only case in modern history in which non-intervention against an abuse of power has had deplorable consequences. The German people, reading in their press Metternich's opening speech but not the British and Russian protests, naturally had to believe that liberty in their countries was opposed by all Europe.

The courageous among them did not give in, however. In the decade from 1820 to 1830 countless years of imprisonment were pronounced against nationalists, mostly university professors and students, and a sprinkling of communistic intellectuals. The Decrees of Karlsbad had put each German university under the surveillance of a plenipotentiary extraordinary of the *Bundestag*, a policy that clearly showed the sinister mark of Adam Müller. The universities were the chief propagators of pure nationalism. On the other hand, it was typical of the economic and social progress in that decade that the forces of liberalism represented by leaders of commerce, industry, and finance (the forces whose rise to supremacy in the state Müller knew to be inevitable and which were much more dangerous to the existing order than the nebulous nationalism of the intellectuals) could no longer be suppressed by police measures.

The German policy of Austria which Metternich would have liked to see endorsed by the Powers was logical from his point of view. The Habsburg Empire was comprised of numerous nationalities. It was threatened with dissolution if an unified German state were to be formed on the basis of German nationality, not dynastic possession. For if the right of nationality were to be acknowledged, that is to say, if the Germans within the Habsburg Empire were to be included in the new German state for the reason that they were Germans, the other nationalities within the Habsburg Empire could not be denied the right of being included in states of their own nationalities.

Metternich's German policy, then, had to suppress pure (progressive) nationalism. It had to foster Romantic (reactionary) nationalism. It was dictated by the necessities of the House of Habsburg which necessities were expressed by the political philosophy of the *Romantik*, just as the historical and political philosophy of the declining Hegel expressed the necessities of the House of Hohenzollern; while both these philosophies failed to reflect

fully the necessities of the by then clearly visible trend of Germany's economic, social, and political evolution.

In practical politics the right of nationality was represented by liberalism. Being as purposeful as pure nationalism was vague, German liberalism grew in the decade from 1820 to 1830 into its future role of leading the opposition. Pure nationalism joined hands with it while Romantic nationalism persisted in its dreams, thus remaining politically sterile yet at the same time, anomalously, determining Austria's German policy through the power of Metternich, the Romantic statesman, Gentz, the Romantic politician, and Müller, the Romantic philosopher.

Frederick William III of Prussia adhered to this policy, but to him reaction was an end in itself, not the means to an end as was the case with the Austrian statesman. A few progressives in non-Prussian Germany as well as in Prussia realized the dilemma of the Habsburg Empire, realized that not only because of this political dilemma but also for economic and social reasons Prussia was the only possible leader of an effective movement for a unified German state. But because Frederick William persecuted the German national idea relentlessly, Prussia drew upon herself the hatred and contempt of most nationalists and liberals everywhere in Germany.

Frederick William persecuted the national idea because liberalism had adopted it. Liberalism adopted it for very earth-bound reasons although it was only partly conscious of its own motives in adopting it. In 1815, when Frederick William made his most outspoken promise of a constitution —all told he made five such promises between 1810 and 1820—Prussia had sixty different customs tariffs within her boundaries. All of them were abolished at one stroke in 1818. But Prussia was still contiguous to twenty-eight other German customs territories and contained enclaves of eighteen other German states. Conducive as these facts were towards making the Prussian nobility contented in the enjoyment of its feudal privileges, they had the opposite effect on commerce, industry, and finance. Nothing was more natural in these circumstances than that liberalism should embrace the German national idea, the idea of a unified German state which would do away with a political structure that stunted the growth of a potentially vigorous commerce and industry.

The political means by which liberalism attempted to reach its goal were no less vague at first (that is, just after the Wars of Liberation) than those of pure nationalism. They consisted mainly of endless repetitions of the national idea and rhetorical demands to carry it into effect. A few years later, however, in 1823, Frederick William of Prussia took a measure which gave liberalism a strong lever for very practical demands. No longer able completely to evade the fulfilment of his promises of a people's representation, yet determined not to honour them, he decreed the introduction of eight provincial diets, thus breaking his promise of a national Prussian representation. And he broke his promise of a people's representation by dividing the diets into three estates, namely, the nobility, the

cities (that is, commerce, industry, and finance), and the peasants. The members of the diets were elected by the voters of the estates to which they themselves belonged. The right to vote was dependent on the ownership of property. Moreover, the votes were not equal, but were weighted according to the value of the property the voters owned.

The idea of corporate diets had an eminently practical political aim: to prevent the forming of political parties. But the logic of historical evolution cannot be thwarted by political tricks. Political factions did form, though they were not yet organized parties, and they cut across the estates in the diets.

Liberalism accepted these diets and, regarding them merely as a beginning, used them as a platform to clamour for an all-Prussian representation and a German constitution. This liberal policy was a policy of feeble compromise. Realizing full well that the diets were merely the beginning of an irresistible political trend, liberalism, as many of its rank and file demanded, ought to have ignored them and let the trend take its course. Economically and socially liberalism was the sworn enemy of feudalism; its economic and social demands meant in fact a revolution of the existing order. But it rejected any thought of political revolution despite the fact that the princes and the feudal nobility as a class were firmly opposed to a compromise with liberalism. Thus, while liberalism grew outwardly stronger through the lack of any other effective opposition to the existing order, it grew weaker in itself through its preparedness to compromise politically with feudalism. When, in 1830, events occurred that challenged a vigorous liberal leadership, weakness of outlook and action caused German liberalism to lose itself in a fog of its own making.

Before turning to the events of 1830 we will look at the literature and philosophy from which liberalism unconsciously derived a great deal of its inspiration. This body of literature and philosophy constitutes one of the highest peaks to which the human mind has climbed. It may be characterized by four names—Kant, Goethe, Schiller, and Hegel.

One of the most stirring human ideals has emanated from this philosophy, Kant's ideal of perpetual peace. The thinking of these German poets and philosophers was permeated by the notion that the Germans had to fulfil a mission for the benefit of mankind, that they had to serve humanity by virtue of the fact that they had developed a magnificent national culture but not a national state. Fichte, another great contemporary of Kant's, generalized this notion. "The ultimate purpose of all national culture is that this culture spread over the whole of mankind." Taken in its context this thesis leads to the conclusion that any nation must develop itself and its national culture including its national idea to full maturity and must give the best of it to the culture of all men. When then human culture has become universal, national ideas have overcome themselves, and with the idea of nation the very nation is overcome. Strangely, Fichte did not see this consequence of his thesis; he was in-

different as to whether or not a German nation in a German national state would emerge. His thesis remained unique in idealistic philosophy. But it was not lost. Its form was, much later, filled with a different content to become one of the corner-stones of Marxist thought on the national problem.

These German thinkers, then, either rejected or remained indifferent to the national idea, and they may be pardoned for their attitude for they saw only the first manifestations of this idea in modern times, and these first manifestations were marked by the excesses of nationality during and after the French Revolution. They rejected also, for the same reason, the idea of revolution. They did not realize—no contemporary of theirs did—that what happened in France between 1791 and 1793, what they dismissed as an attempt at mob rule, was in fact the first class struggle in modern times. But Kant, with a courage that testified to the strength of his character though it somewhat violated his political philosophy, was prepared to compromise with revolution. Thus he, the supposedly unpractical philosopher, was more practical and more far-sighted than the German liberal politicians who believed they could compromise with feudalism.

Much has been said about the unpolitical attitude of Goethe. Considering the influence and veneration he enjoyed in his lifetime not only in his own country, this detached attitude of his may well be called a major calamity for Germany and the whole world. But though fundamentally unpolitical he frequently made shrewd observations about current political events. Thus he wrote, watching the bickering at the Congress of Vienna:

> Sie werden so lange votieren und schnacken,
> Wir sehen endlich wieder Kosaken.
> Die haben uns vom Tyrannen befreit,
> Sie werden uns wohl auch befrein von der Freiheit.
>
> [They will vote and babble
> Until we shall see Cossacks again.
> The Cossacks have liberated us from the tyrant,
> And it is possible they will liberate us also from this liberty.]

The class struggles of the French Revolution filled educated liberals, everywhere in Europe, with fear. Aversion from what we now call political democracy became typical of liberal thinking at that time. We must bear in mind, however, that there was no question then of introducing the first prerequisite of political democracy, universal suffrage. When the question of voting was discussed it concerned voting in such assemblies as the Congress of Vienna and the *Bundestag*. What Goethe meant to express by the words quoted above was disapproval of giving quantity power over quality by giving small states a vote equal to that of large states and empires.

Schiller, the most glowing poet of liberty, was just as vehemently opposed to political democracy. In his *Demetrius* he has Sapieha exclaim: "Was ist die Mehrheit? Mehrheit ist der Unsinn, Verstand ist stets bei

wen'gen nur gewesen. [What is the majority? The majority is nonsense, only a few have been intelligent at all times.]" Yet the same Schiller cried out ecstatically in his "Ode to Joy," which forms the text to the chorus in the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony: "Seid umschlungen, Millionen! Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt! [Be embraced, ye millions! This kiss to the entire world!]"

These two poles—on the one hand universal love and respect for everyone and everything human, and on the other hand political safeguards to prevent this universal love and respect from interfering with the smooth administration of social affairs—these two poles circumscribed the philosophy of liberalism at that time. They are also typical of one fundamental aspect of the true liberal attitude of mind—its blending of idealism and materialism.

III

We will now turn to the *débâcle* of German liberalism after 1830. In July of that year the French overthrew the reactionary régime of the Bourbons and replaced it by the liberal constitutional régime of Louis Philippe. This victory of French liberalism inspired the German liberals to redouble their efforts. But now liberty became to them an absolute, an end in itself divorced from the national idea and thus from the German political reality of the time. To be sure, liberal protestations of the national idea remained frequent, but they ceased to spring from an idealistic, truly patriotic urge and became a political slogan to keep the nationalists in the fold. They achieved their purpose; nationalism was absorbed by the liberal movement and it lost its identity. The basic but unspoken liberal attitude towards German nationalism became, what need is there for the national idea if the railways bring about, not a unified German nation, but at least as much unification as commerce, industry, and finance require for their private purposes? And, what need is there for a unified German state if the *Zollverein* creates a German territory within which commerce, industry, and finance are not hampered by customs barriers?

The German *Zollverein* or customs union was formed between Bavaria, Prussia, Saxony, Swabia, and almost a dozen smaller German countries in 1833. By 1836 it had expanded to include all of the important German states. France made efforts at first to prevent its formation and later to thwart its activities. The chief success of these efforts was that the diminutive German state of Hessen-Nassau concluded a customs union with France. But nothing could convince the French statesmen that they were fighting against windmills, against the inevitable trend of German economic evolution.

The German liberals, however, were no less blind. They attempted the impossible by trying to enjoy the fruits of this economic evolution and at the same time neglect, and even suppress, its social and political concomitants. Their attitude was, unconsciously, epitomized by Hoffmann von

Fallersleben, the poet of *Deutschland über alles*. In 1834 he wrote two verses entitled *Der Deutsche Zollverein*. In the first verse he rhymed in a pleasing fashion the names of some thirty commodities. In the second verse he jubilated, apostrophizing these commodities: "A thousand thanks to you. What no spirit could do, lo, you have done it: you have woven a band around the German fatherland, and this band has joined our hearts more closely than the German Confederation." Truly, a less idealistic, less intelligent attitude, a more crudely materialistic attitude can hardly be imagined. This was what had become of the ideals, the labours, the hopes of Kant and Goethe, Schiller and Hegel; this was what had become of German liberalism, and this is what German liberalism has remained to this day.

Kant had died in 1804, Schiller in 1805. Hegel died in 1831, Goethe in 1832. Nothing constructively liberal was left to be created by German minds after these giants had passed across the German scene. But much was left to be interpreted and continued. This task was undertaken by a number of publicists, poets, and philosophers who, although they were only loosely connected, are comprised under the group name of Young Germany. It has been said of Young Germany that it was destructive, that it was aware of all the great human ideals, but that it did not believe in them. This is not true. To be sure, Young Germany meant to be destructive. It reasoned that once great ideals had been proclaimed by great minds there was no sense in merely repeating them. What was necessary was to prepare the soil on which they could flourish, and to prepare this soil it was necessary to destroy what cluttered it up, namely, the rotting yet still living remnants of feudalism, bigotry, and Romanticism, the no less rotten yet still all-powerful forces of reaction. Young Germany represented in letters what the liberal movement *should* have represented in politics. It realized that German political liberalism, hardly born, had already become a part of the social and political decay that characterized Germany before 1848. It fought against this political liberalism as violently as against reaction. It made every effort to drive it back on to the path of true liberalism. But the pen that wrote poems and treatises proved weaker than the pen that wrote bonds and shares.

In German histories of German literature Young Germany is almost unanimously condemned. Unable or unwilling to explain it out of German conditions at the time, to explain it as an expression, though a negative expression, of these conditions, many of these judges resort to vulgar metaphysics and try to explain Young Germany out of the fact that two of its originators, Heinrich Heine and Ludwig Börne, were Jewish. The attitude of future German scholars towards Young Germany will be a significant touchstone of German re-education.

In 1840 Frederick William IV succeeded his father, Frederick William III, on the throne of Prussia. Clutching at some utterances he had made while Crown Prince, the German liberals entertained high hopes of Prussia

being granted a constitution and of seeing the fulfilment of what was left of their desire for a unified German state. They were to be disappointed bitterly. To be sure, Frederick William IV was too sensitive, too artistic a nature to ride as roughshod as his father, but his reactionary bent of mind was no less stubborn for his cloaking it with romantic, pious, and fantastic phrases and for his making the most of his holding his crown by the grace of God. To explain his art of ruling as well as to explain away his utterances as Crown Prince he once said to his ambassador in London, Josias, Baron von Bunsen, who was his intimate although he held certain decidedly liberal views: "There are things which one knows only as a king, which even I did not know when Crown Prince and which I have experienced only since being a king."

This man was now pressed for the fulfilment of his father's promises of a constitution, a national people's representation. He did not hurry himself. He took seven years to devise a trick by which he hoped to soothe his conseience as comfortably as his father had soothed his in 1823 by establishing the eight provincial diets. In 1847 he convened a Combined Diets which consisted of the joined provincial assemblies. It thus represented the whole of Prussia, but it had no charter whatever; it might or might not be convened again, just as the monarch pleased.

The noblemen were in the minority in the Combined Diets, 231 out of 533. To forestall any accident that might arise from this distribution of seats, Frederick William decreed an upper chamber of seventy-two members. Those who were members of the Lords belonged to the higher nobility who had been *Reich immediate* in the Holy Roman Empire, that is to say, they had had no authority above them but the emperor, while the lower nobility had been vassals of the territorial princes. Frederick William called his Lords the most exclusive chamber in the world, and exclusive it was indeed—it excluded all political intelligence. The lower nobility who were in the lower house opposed it with unbrotherly rudeness.

Friction between this lower house, and the Crown and the upper house was apparent from the beginning. The Lords rejected almost everything the estates resolved. Typically, things came to a head over an economic question. The Crown desired a loan for a railroad to be built to East Prussia, for strategic reasons. Private capital would not build this railroad because economically it would benefit the province of East Prussia only. The lower house declared that they were not competent to vote the loan as they had no constitutional basis for their continued existence as a legislative body and thus as guarantors of a national debt. This was a shrewd appraisal of the political situation. For once the liberals showed their teeth. The gap could not be bridged. His Majesty was displeased; he left Berlin and went to Breslau to dedicate a monument to Frederick the Great. The Combined Diets dissolved.

The Crown, the noblemen, the liberals, the people—everybody was disappointed. The disappointment of the people developed into a restless-

ness that grew fitfully into a revolutionary mood during the next twelve months. This mood crystallized into four popular demands: freedom of the press, trial by jury, a people's army, and a German parliament.

When it became clear to everyone that a violent eruption was imminent, German liberals and governments alike began feverishly to examine the national idea with a view to using it as a safety valve. It was of course too late. After the national idea had been persecuted for decades it could not, almost at a moment's notice, be carried into effect from above.

But why this sudden change of heart? The answer is that in so far as the national idea was being pressed from below, it had a distinct flavour of democracy and even of republic. Once before, in 1791 to 1793, the fear of mob rule had been aroused by French events. Now this fear was revived and intensified; for on February 23, 1848, the French overthrew the régime of Louis Philippe, discredited by the corruption of the Guizot government, and proclaimed the Republic. The new provisional government which was headed by the poet, Lamartine, included three socialists. Lamartine cherished the noble dream of a democratic alliance between France and a unified German state. If, then, there was a democratic danger from without as well as from below, it seemed worth making the attempt to take the wind out of the sails of the democratic movement by creating a unified state from above.

Little can be said here about socialism. Socialistic ideas, too, had come to Germany from France. But there was scant clarity, and there was even less organization. Marx had hardly begun his career. The *Communist Manifesto* had appeared in February, but it was merely the prelude to his influence upon the workers' movement.

Louis Philippe fled to England where, a little later, he was joined by Metternich whom the revolution in Vienna overthrew on March 14. In the next few days and weeks revolutions broke out in every German state. Prussia's day came on March 18. After furious street fighting the revolution emerged victorious. What did this victory mean?

Its immediate outcome was that the King of Prussia had to call upon a moderate liberal to form a government. But its lasting outcome was that, fired by the fear of democracy, the loose political compromise between feudalism and liberalism changed into a firm, if sometimes uneasy, alliance. This alliance and its attitude towards a unified German state has determined the course of German history in the last hundred years. We will now inquire briefly what this outcome of the German revolution of 1848 means to us today.

IV

We have seen that the economic and social trends which produced the revolution of 1848 had their intellectual counterpart in the philosophy of liberalism and their spiritual counterpart in the emotion of German nationalism. But German political liberalism did not express liberal philo-

sophy, nor did it express German nationalism in 1848. As both economic and social trends and intellectual and emotional trends demanded a unified German state and one German nation, and as these aims were hardly attempted, let alone achieved, the revolution of 1848 was a historical failure.

It did not fail, however, in reaching its immediate goal, namely, that measure of liberalism in government to which, and no farther, the majority wing of political liberalism aspired. This majority wing consisted of the moderates, those liberals who had no ultimate ideal and no ultimate plan, but who were content to achieve such liberal postulates as were possible of achievement at any given moment. The minority wing were the radicals, those liberals who had an ideal of what the state should be like and who pursued this ideal uncompromisingly. Naturally, a unified German state was their foremost postulate. To many of them this state was to be a republic.

The failure of the German revolution of 1848 had shown that a conflict between Prussia and Austria was inevitable. This conflict was not to establish which of them should be the dominant power in Germany; few people doubted that Prussia was this dominant power. The outcome of the conflict was to establish the actual, not merely the potential, leadership of Prussia in Germany. When this actual leadership was established through Prussia's victory over Austria in the war of 1866, the majority of German liberals made peace with Bismarck. The National Liberal party was formed. It is noteworthy that the greater part of the liberals who supported Bismarck's German policy were non-Prussians. It was these liberals who, once Bismarck leaned on them, forced upon him the policy of colonial expansion and of aggressiveness in general.

Where, then, did the conservatives stand? Conservatism wants to conserve what is; it does not want change, but it will tolerate change if and when it becomes inevitable. What was it that conservatism wanted to conserve in Germany in 1848? Its case was stated concisely by an otherwise unimportant man, the Swabian ambassador in Baden, Count Beroldingen, in a report to his government in October, 1847: "A representation by elected representatives of the people— . . . this, indeed, would be the beginning of a transformation of German public affairs the end of which would be the dissolution of the German monarchies."

Now, the dissolution of these monarchies was precisely what true liberalism demanded, what the economic, social, and political evolution of Germany made inevitable. By opposing this dissolution German conservatism was not conservative but reactionary. It has remained reactionary to this day.

However, the fact that these monarchies were not dissolved when they ought to have been dissolved was not due to reactionary resistance alone; it was mainly due to the fact that the moderate liberals were afraid of democracy in 1848 and stood behind Bismarck in 1871. The German Reich that Bismarck founded in 1871 preserved these monarchies, and the liberals

of all shades accepted Bismarck's statement that must have jarred on the ears of any true liberal: "German patriotism, in order to be active and effective, needs the interposition of dynastic devotion." This statement was directed, not against republicanism which was merely a dream of a negligible minority then, but against the demand for a German emperor who was to take the place of the thirty-odd monarchs.

But Bismarck was not a reactionary. He was a true conservative, one of the few conservatives who realized the inevitability of German unification. He was aware that the German Reich he established in 1871 was not the end of German unification but its beginning. However, nearly all other conservatives and all liberals regarded it as the end. German trade and German colonial expansion, these spheres of interest of the liberals, required no more than the Reich of Bismarck. Thus it came about that expansionist liberalism and reactionary conservatism joined hands in upholding this Reich.

Neither of them had anything intellectual or spiritual to offer to the patriotic longing of the German masses, to the lower middle class or the workers. This patriotic longing was not satisfied as long as devotion to a territorial monarch remained the order of the day, and as long as this devotion was used by some of the monarchs to extort all kinds of concessions from the Reich. The spiritual vacuum certainly intensified with the founding of the Bismarck Reich, but it was, on the other hand, reduced by the ascendancy of the Catholic Centre party which outwardly catered to the spiritual needs of almost one-third of the people while in essence it pursued sectional, and sometimes nakedly separatist, economic and political interests.

While all these three parties—conservatives, liberals, and Catholics—were steeped in expansionist and reactionary materialism, the largest party, the Social Democrats, once Marxist, had become no less crudely materialistic by 1914. Up to that year all four parties felt rather contented in the spiritual morass which was called the German Reich. For this German Reich had succeeded, by giving the people ample bread, in corrupting their once genuinely patriotic sentiments into an overweening pseudo-nationalism, a process which was merely completed by Hitler. This corruption was necessary because it was clear that the maintenance, instead of the development, of the social and political structure of the Bismarck Reich was bound to lead to a clash with the British Empire.

In this German Reich the liberals—representing commerce, industry, and finance—ruled; and the nobility—holding all the important positions in the army and the bureaucracy—governed. This division of labour was a result of the fright of 1848, of the alliance that had been prepared by the liberal compromise policy of the eighteen-thirties. The rule of the liberals and the government of the noblemen could be replaced by one thing only, democracy.

When circumstances brought democracy to the Germans in 1918 the Social Democrats, who never obtained a majority in any election, took for a

short time the place of the nobility in a partnership with the liberals and the Catholics. But three things were different in the Weimar Republic as compared with the Empire. First, the liberals maintained their rule but their crude materialism was no longer restrained by the pseudo-spiritual manifestations of feudal tradition, such as, for instance, the Crown, the army, and the churches. Secondly, the Republic was unable to give the lower middle classes as much bread as the Empire; the reason was again that the corrupt upper middle class was now free from that same pseudo-spiritual restraint and let itself be guided by nothing but its private interests. Thirdly, through their long alliance with the nobility, the liberals, although they knew how to rule, had never learned the art of government. When they were forced to govern under conditions in which it is most difficult to govern, in a democracy, they could think of nothing but to divest themselves of this task as quickly as they could. In the Empire they had left government to the nobility and the army; in 1933 they turned it over to Hitler and the army.

Not the least of the ingredients of Hitler's success was the fact that neither the revolution of 1918 nor the Weimar Republic made any serious attempt at unifying the German state. The revolution of 1848 failed again in 1918. The national longing of the Germans, urgent but unfulfilled for more than a hundred years, remained unfulfilled. This longing, corrupted for more than a hundred years into devotion to an antiquated political structure, broke forth like a torrent when the material basis of its corruption vanished, and it could be readily captured by the worst reactionary of all because he draped himself in the cloak of progressive nationalism.

The lesson is obvious. Just as expansionist liberalism and reactionary conservatism fought against political unification, so a revival of federalism in Germany is bound to revive also expansionist liberalism and reactionary conservatism. A unified Germany must spiritually return to true liberalism. True German liberalism, relieved of the necessity of fighting for its foremost aim, namely, unification, relieved also of the rule of crude materialism, must then devote its strength to cultivating the spiritual values it possesses in abundance.

An American writer, recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe, reported among other things: "What makes Germany annoying is the West's growing realization that it cannot live entirely without Germany. And it is by no means the old stuff again of 'Kant, Beethoven, and Goethe'. . . . Western Europe could not do without German coal and steel—but it could easily do without German *Geist* and *Kultur*." So can the Zulus. So could the Nazis. But if the victors of 1945 complete the German revolution of 1848, and if they establish, in Germany and in their own countries, economic, social, and political conditions in which all nations, all men feel the need for German *Geist* and *Kultur* just as they feel the need for American, English, French, and Russian *Geist* and *Kultur*—then, and only then, mankind may hope to realize Immanuel Kant's ideal of perpetual peace.

HENRY IV, A MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES

HERBERT MARSHALL MCLUHAN

THERE is a quite simple and consistent structure in the two parts of *Henry IV* which hasn't been much discussed. Once this structure is seen there need be no more queries about whether Falstaff was a coward or whether he was badly treated. Then Kittredge's observation that "the character of Henry V . . . is inconsistent with the character of the Prince in *Henry the Fourth*" will appear as natural and inevitable.

One of the curiosities of the history of Shakespearean criticism concerns the application of the metaphor of organic completeness to the genius of Shakespeare. In the seventeenth century the estimate of Shakespeare as a child of nature rather than of art prepared the way for his acceptance in a new mode by the romantic enemies of art and convention both in literature and in society. As a child of nature, as one vibrating in sympathy with the laws of the universe, Shakespeare could do no wrong. As William Empson has said that

> Magnolias, for instance, when in bud,
> Are right in doing anything they can think of,

so the Shakespearean idolaters were ready to assign to all Shakespearean phenomena a sensitive fidelity to a logic distinct from that of the meddling intellect. The spirit of Morgann was upon Quiller-Couch when he wrote apropos of Falstaff: "No true artist develops or fashions a real character, once brought to birth, any more than a mother thenceforth develops or fashions a child." The force of metaphor in lulling the powers of perception can no further go.

In general, the idolaters dealt with his "imperfections" in the manner in which Pope managed the problem of evil. Shakespeare's Nature was but Art unknown to classicists, his haphazard, direction which they could not see. So that his plays were made to seem the products of an almost superhuman provenance. And the method of exploring their internal relationships became, in the hands of Coleridge, not unlike the method which Freud was to use in exploring dream symbols.

One of the first results of viewing Shakespeare's creative activity in accordance with the metaphor of organic unity and coherence appears in Maurice Morgann's view of the character of Falstaff. Character became the point of focus for this organic perspective in Hazlitt, Lamb, and Coleridge. And so it remained for Bradley. The typical result was to isolate character from the dramatic context, and therefore to deprive character of function. But in the past twenty years the organic perspective has shifted focus from character to the plays themselves, as appears in the work of Wilson Knight, Granville-Barker, Caroline Spurgeon, D. A. Traversi, and many others. Along with this shift in focus has come a renewed, if qualified, respect for the pre-Romantic critics of Shakespeare.

Few are likely to quarrel with the view that contemporary erudition has achieved a much surer-footed procedure in the literature of the Renaissance than was possible in the nineteenth century. But we must also confess that much of the erudition has been a recovery of knowledge of Renaissance rhetoric, psychology, and cosmology which was still present to Dryden and Johnson. Professor Tillyard's astonishment at the scope and unity of the Elizabethan world picture, newly recovered, would have struck them as somewhat naïve. Going hand-in-hand with the advance of contemporary erudition has been an improvement in the methods of literary analysis. Granville-Barker's approach to Shakespeare is now typical. "He was liker to a musician, master of an instrument, who takes a theme and, by generally recognized rules, improvises on it; or even to an orator, so accomplished that he can carry a complex subject through a two-hour speech, split it up, run it by divers channels, digress, but never for too long, and at last bring the streams abreast again to blend them in his peroration."

The themes on which Shakespeare descants in the "Henriad" are associated with honour, the desire and the deserving of the praise of good men. Henry Bolingbroke is, however, both usurper and regicide. And Part I (references are to the Globe edition) opens with his project for erasing his personal dishonour, and the civil discord and dishonour inseparable from it, by a crusade,

> As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
> Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
> We are impressed. . . .

Toward the end of Part II (IV, v), he prepares to die in the Jerusalem Chamber of his own palace:

> It hath been prophesied to me many years,
> I should not die but in Jerusalem;
> Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
> But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie.
> In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

The final reflections of "this King of smiles" on his career make plain the political perspective not only of *Henry IV*, but of *Henry V*.

> God knows, my son,
> By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
> I met this crown. . . .
> And I had many living to upbraid
> My gain of it by their assistances;
> Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
> Wounding supposed peace. . . .
> For all my reign hath been but as a scene
> Acting that argument: and now my death
> Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
> Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort. . . .

"Supposed peace" and "changes the mode" are key phrases. (Compare Ulysses' speech: "Take but degree away, untune that string.") No peace

and no honour was possible under a usurper. And the death of Henry, like that of Claudius and Hamlet, changes the mode from discord to harmony, from corruption to honour, and from base to heroic. The mode of Henry is throughout that of Machiavellian "policy," always sharply contrasted with disinterested adherence to principle. He is treacherous, alternately whining with self-pity and sternly vindictive. He lectures Hal in all the hypocrisies of statecraft and then proposes the imprudent and choleric Hotspur as a model for him. Prince John of Lancaster is in the same mode of the court. He lectures Falstaff priggishly just after he himself has broken faith with the rebels who have accepted his amnesty. The eloquent contempt of Falstaff's ensuing panegyric on wine is not only Shakespeare's verdict on "this same sober-blooded boy" but is a key (if one were needed) to a principal theme of the play, that when the head of the state is corrupt then the belly and the members must find their law solely within their own appetites.

There are, then, three themes and three groups of characters in *Henry IV:* the court, the Boar's-Head group, and the rebels. The court is corrupt. Not principle but policy rules there in the service of ambition and illegitimate power. So Prince Hal's integrity requires that he assume an antic disposition, some protective colouring of dishonour. And since Shakespeare's ethics are traditional it appears in Hal that it is infinitely less dangerous and corrupting to permit disorder in the lower appetites than in the intellectual faculties. (*Corruptio optimi pessima.*) So Hal's resort is the Boar's-Head. (We may ask was not Hamlet's mistake to attempt to meet policy with policy?) But the first lines he speaks alone on the stage (I, ii) are to reassure the audience:

> I know you all, and will awhile uphold
> The unyoked humour of your idleness.

Falstaff, Bardolph, and Poins are the types of the riot and disorder emanating from the corrupt court to the commons of England. When the head does not perform its functions the belly and the members are left to self-indulgent idleness. Yet no principle of order can proceed from the sway of the lower appetites. So Falstaff, the cynic about government, judiciary, and honour, can only discover positive motives of action in the gratification of his lusts. If the court lives for the hubristic appetite of power, then he will live for common appetite. His wit at once serves his appetites and is an aspect of them. His escapades as a recruiting officer like his exploits on the battlefield are consistent extensions and illustrations of this theme. In this light his relations with Justices Shallow and Silence, as well as with the Lord Chief Justice, acquire artistic coherence. Over Shallow he quickly gains an ascendancy which is born of smoking-room jocularity and reminiscence. Shakespeare is saying as flatly as he knows how that justice is shallow and silent when rooted in appetite, and that all justice tends to this state when the king is corrupt. But *vis-à-vis* the Lord Chief Justice, Falstaff appears as the moral absurdity he is. Part II ends

with the epiphany of Hal as Henry V. First he meets and upbraids the Lord Chief Justice. Then he upholds him when he gives a noble and rational defence of the impersonal motives of his life and office. Next he meets Falstaff and rejects him as the sensual and irrational chaos which dreams of introducing his qualities into the court itself. In making these very simple intellectual distinctions in accordance with centuries of unbroken ethical conviction, Shakespeare could hardly have foreseen an audience hostile to reason itself and one which would take Falstaff to its muddle-crass bosom in the manner of Titania and Bottom.

The third group consists principally of Northumberland, Hotspur, Worcester, Glendower, and the Archbishop of York. It is significant that while King Henry is allowed no clerical support in the play, the rebels are. The rebels not only show, in part, the face of honour but of religion. (*Henry V*, by contrast, opens with the praise of Hal by the Archbishop of Canterbury.) But there is a simple key to these facts. Like Henry, Northumberland and his colleagues are guilty of upsetting monarchy. In Hotspur, however, the mode is changed to honour, as in Hal. Hotspur is guiltless of his father's connivings. And he is above them. But what can honour do among rebels? It is as useless as Hal's would be at court. Eccentric to the mode of the court, it can only flash fiery and comet-like. So the character of Hotspur is given an exaggeration, symbolically equivalent to Falstaff's. He is all air and fire as Falstaff is all earth and water. But his character is the unmistakable touchstone (as King Henry admits) for the defections of the court. This is brought out in a very forceful way in the first act of Part I. In Act I, Scene i, Hotspur's Scottish victory leads Henry to contrast this "son who is the theme of honour's tongue" with "my young Harry" in whom he sees only "riot and dishonour." And in Act I, Scene iii, Hotspur excuses his peremptory refusal of prisoners on the ground that the request for them came from a "popinjay" who was "perfumed like a milliner,"

> When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
> Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword.

The mode of the court is brought into the sharpest possible contrast with the mode of active honour and exploit in this long passage. (Precisely the same contrast occurs in *Hamlet* when Osric is entrusted to arrange the duel with Laertes. And in *Henry V* the contrast between Hal's court and the French court is drawn along the same lines.)

Following immediately on this contrast between the popinjay and the man of honour comes Henry's politic refusal of Hotspur's apology. He insults Hotspur further by refusing his request that Mortimer be ransomed from Glendower. His grounds of refusal are: first, that Mortimer was a fool to fight "Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower"; second, he will not spend money on a fool,

> For I shall never hold that man my friend
> Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
> To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

The accusation of revolt is trumped up for politic reasons as at once appears in Hotspur's reply. Henry is revealed as both politic and penurious and so utterly incapable of treating with a man of honour. Shakespeare underlines this again and again. No sooner is Hotspur's defence of Mortimer done than Henry tells Hotspur he is a liar: "He never did encounter with Glendower." Henry's politic and "cankered" brain will not admit any fact which in the least contravenes his appetites. For it appears that Richard II had proclaimed Mortimer "the next of blood." In the rebel plot which is then hatched by the politic brains of Northumberland and Worcester it is plain that Hotspur is innocent. His quarrel is not that of a politician with "this vile politician, Bolingbroke," "this King of smiles," but the quarrel of a man of honour with a dishonourable foe.

The first three scenes of the play present, in order, the court, Hal and Falstaff, and the rebels. The next three scenes concern the commonwealth, Hal and Falstaff, and the rebels. This sort of careful disposition of emphasis to the themes of the play is consistent throughout both parts. In Act II, Scene iii, Hotspur informs us that "my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action," and is enraged at the politic reservations of an ally: "O, I could divide myself and go to buffets for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action!" The next scene puts us by contrast in the Boar's-Head where Hal tells Poins, "Thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action." He has been at a drinking bout with some menials who call him the "King of courtesy" because he calls them by their Christian names. The significance of this wry boast would not be lost on an Elizabethan audience, and it is sharply pointed up in Hal's interview with his father (III, ii) in which Henry accuses Hal of being like Richard II:

> The skipping King, he ambled up and down
> With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits, . . .
> Grew a companion to the common streets,
> Enfeoffed himself to popularity. . . .

It is possibly in this respect, and in her yielding of initiative to the politic Burghley, that Elizabeth was popularly nicknamed Richard II. Essex was certainly a Hotspur in his attitude to the court and the Council. The contemporary parallels are strewn thickly though they are of uncertain valency to us today. About the dramatic force of the scene, however, there need be no doubts, since Henry boasts of the politic trickery by which

> I stole all courtesy from heaven,
> And dress'd myself in such humility
> That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts. . . .

Three snide metaphors in three lines—"stole," "dress'd," "pluck"—leave no doubt that Shakespeare is presenting a hypocrite. And "this King of

smiles" is bent on conforming Hal to his hypocritical and politic mode by way of amending Hal's honour.

Hotspur *vis-à-vis* Glendower in Act III, Scene i loses no honour. His disgust with Glendower's necromancy and diabolics is part of Shakespeare's intention to keep his honour bright even among knaves. The parallel with Hal in this respect is structural. And Hal's vindication of his low courses follows immediately on this scene:

> I will redeem all this on Percy's head
> . . . . . .
> . . . this same child of honour and renown. . . . .

The next scene (III, iii), of Falstaff's mock repentance, is juxtaposed with Hal's sincere promise to his father. Falstaff says "Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me." The evidence of carefully planned structure is everywhere as obvious as this so that only an oral discussion can do justice to the details.

In Act IV, Scene i, Hotspur's enterprise is undermined by the politic sickness of his father:

> Sick now! droop now! This sickness doth infect
> The very lifeblood of our enterprise;
> 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

And that Hal, in a manner, becomes Hotspur in *Henry V* is plain in the obvious parallel between Hotspur's speech here and Hal's at Agincourt:

> I rather of his absence make this use:
> It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
> A larger dare to our great enterprise. . . .

This is followed at once by the appearance of Falstaff: "I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds." The sickness of the commonweal evident in Falstaff's corrupt methods is at once pointed up in the next scene (IV, iii) when Hotspur says of Henry,

> And when he was not six and twenty strong,
> Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
> A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
> My father gave him welcome to the shore.

Henry, who said he merely wanted to be Duke of Lancaster:

> Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
> Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
> This seeming brow of justice, did he win
> The hearts of all that he did angle for. . . .

That we are to give Hotspur our honourable credence and sympathy is evident in the fact that his charges coincide precisely with Henry's own shameless boastings to Hal in Act III, Scene ii. Thus Henry boasts that

By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wondered at;

only to urge Worcester, in Act V, Scene i, to

move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times.

Over and over again Shakespeare has him make the worst case against himself. Worcester's reply is unanswerable:

we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth. . . .

The sickness of the state can only be purged by war. But as Henry advises Hal on his death-bed, and as Hal justifies in *Henry V*, the only salutary war for restoring health and unity to the commonwealth, is foreign war. So far as the themes of these plays are concerned the question whether Shakespeare is advocating war in principle need not be raised.

That Hotspur is honourable there is, then, no question. But that he is not fit for princely office is equally manifest. As Worcester says (V, ii) he is

A hair-brain'd Hotspur, governed by a spleen.

And Hotspur's contempt for letters and mincing poetry ("'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag") would have "placed" him very definitely for an Elizabethan audience.

Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

The due emphasis which an Elizabethan audience would have given these defects is clear from the qualities accorded to Hal by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the first scene of *Henry V*.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. . . .

The significance of this "character" of Henry V has, it seems, received no written notice, and this fact justifies a digression here. Hamlet's Castiglione-like qualifications have been commented on. But even Castiglione

does not add theology to the encyclopaedic learning of his courtier. Canterbury describes Hal as *doctus-orator-theologus*. That is unmistakable. In fact, as Hoby explains in his introductory epistle to his translation of Castiglione, "in the invention and disposition of the matter . . . Castilio hath followed Cicero," that is, Cicero's *De Oratore*, one of the most popular books of the Renaissance as of the Middle Ages. Cicero's orator achieved wisdom and political prudence through eloquence and erudition.

As L. K. Born has shown, the tradition of encyclopaedic education for the ideal prince is unbroken from Isocrates to Erasmus. He seems not to know that the Ciceronian ideal orator or statesman became the model for the medieval theologian and prince alike largely owing to St. Augustine. How this came about is discussed by H.-I. Marrou in *St. Augustin et la fin de la culture antique*, a study of the traditional education of the ancient world as it was adapted to the business of educating the great Christian exegetist and the great preacher. Thus the main stream of classical culture flows in the channel of scriptural exegesis as practised by the encyclopaedic humanist, a stream which was much reduced in volume by the scholastic theologians between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries but which reached new levels with the Erasmian effort to restore the "old theology."

In a word, the character of Henry V as the ideal *doctus-orator-theologus* came to Shakespeare and his contemporaries not from a secondary humanistic source like Castiglione but from the primary source, from the ideals of the patristic or humanist party. In the years of the "Henriad" (1597-1600) the party of the patristic or humanist theologians was fighting very hard in England against the Calvinist and scholastic party. Thomas Nashe, panoplied in all the rhetorical artifice of Basil and Chrysostom, marched out to fight the plain-garbed but methodical Calvinists. The victory of the patristic party was completed by the accession of James I, who was not only of the patristic party (lending his patronage to such eminent patristic divines as Andrewes and Donne) but may very well have sat to Shakespeare for the portrait of Hal the *doctus-orator-theologus*, the theologian king. At any rate, the much misunderstood claims of James I to embody the encyclopaedic learning and political prudence of Cicero's orator along with theological learning are not facts which would have failed to impress the audience which heard Canterbury describe Henry V in the same terms just a few months before the accession of James to the English throne. His *Basilicon Doron*, written for his son Prince Henry, sets forward this traditional ideal as an educational guide.

It is not necessary to go through the second part of *Henry IV* in any detail. The pattern continues much the same. However, it is worth noting that in the last scene of Part I, after Henry has bundled the rebels off to execution, Hal pardons the Douglas:

> His valour shown upon our crests to-day
> Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
> Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

After this brief epiphany of his true character at Shrewsbury, Hal returns to the mode of his antic disposition. His time is not yet. But he is much less the *habitué* of the Boar's-Head in this part. Of obvious significance in the second part is Henry's crowning breach of faith with the rebels at Gaultree Forest. When he receives word of this "success" in Act IV, Scene iv, he is typically engaged in bemoaning Hal's faults:

> Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
> And he, the noble image of my youth,
> Is overspread with them. . . .

Then he receives the good news:

> And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Henry is sick to death. He, so long the source of sickness in the commonwealth, is finally poisoned by success. So Shakespeare prepares us for a "change of mode," but not until Henry's moral sickness has vented itself in several long speeches of whining self-pity. Just how we are to view him in this mood is not left in doubt. When he supposes that Hal has filched the crown from his pillow he breaks out (IV, v):

> How quickly nature falls into revolt
> When gold becomes her object!
> For this the foolish over-careful fathers
> Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
> Their bones with industry;
> For this they have engrossed and piled up
> The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold. . . .

This is one of the great Elizabethan commonplaces, the miser who must bequeath his wealth to a prodigal. Henry assumss that his own greed for wealth and power necessarily has made Hal a prodigal. He knows he has no right to expect anything else.

> Henry the fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!
> Down royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
> And to the English court assemble now,
> From every region, apes of idleness!

These are not idle words. Falstaff will soon be spurring joyfully to London. The politic Prince John expects the court to be changed from one of policy to revels. And his brother Clarence says to the Lord Chief Justice:

> Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
> Which swims against your stream of quality.

To which the Chief Justice retorts, pointing up the central theme:

> Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour.

Seen in this light the concluding scenes concerning the discomfiture of Doll Tearsheet, Mistress Quickly, Silence, Shallow, and Falstaff have a perfect propriety. They are evident tokens of the fact that the death of Henry "changes the mode" from base to heroic. But to a non-theological age Milton's Satan appeared heroic and to an unphilosophical and unethical age Falstaff can appear as a victim of ingratitude.

THE ARTS AND UNESCO

HERMAN VOADEN

THE United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, commonly known as UNESCO, has been called "the spearhead of the United Nations."[1] The constitution of UNESCO, drafted by representatives of the governments of its member nations, clearly states that the Organization is envisaged as an instrument of world peace which will help to counteract certain conditions which have in the past made for war. Paragraphs in the constitution declare:

that since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed;

that ignorance of each other's ways and lives has been a common cause, throughout the history of mankind, of that suspicion and mistrust between the peoples of the world through which their differences have all too often broken into war; . . .

that a peace based exclusively upon the political and economic arrangements of governments would not be a peace which could secure the unanimous, lasting and sincere support of the peoples of the world, and that the peace must therefore be founded, if it is not to fail, upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind.

For these reasons, the signatories of the document state their belief "in full and equal opportunities for education for all, in the unrestricted pursuit of objective truth, and in the free exchange of ideas and knowledge." They declare that UNESCO has been created for the purpose of furthering international peace and the common welfare of mankind. More specifically, in promoting intellectual collaboration, the Organization is pledged to "give fresh impulse to popular education and to the spread of culture"; and to maintain, increase, and diffuse knowledge "by initiating methods of international cooperation calculated to give the people of all countries access to the printed and published materials produced by any of them."

The instrument which has been evolved to appeal to world opinion through education, science, and culture is unique. To quote Byron Dexter: "Vaguely, ambiguously, yet with unmistakable interest and with the stirrings of power, it reaches for an ordering of individuals to individuals within a world organization in which national governments are secondary."[2] The Charter makes national organizations in education, science, and culture partners of governments in the Organization. Here is the much-quoted Article VII: "Each Member State shall make such arrangements as suit its particular conditions for the purpose of associating its principal bodies interested in educational, scientific and cultural matters with the

[1] By Henri Bonnet; quoted in an article by Byron Dexter in *Foreign Affairs*, April, 1947.
[2] In *Foreign Affairs*, April, 1947.

work of the Organization, preferably by the formation of a National Commission broadly representative of the Government and such bodies." And Article IV states that the delegation to the general conference "shall be selected after consultation with the National Commission, if established, or with educational, scientific and cultural bodies."

Thus the world community is to be created by strengthening the bonds between national organizations and their kindred organizations in all UNESCO countries. A world front is to be established in which, under UNESCO leadership, these organizations move forward together to advance the objectives of international peace and the common welfare of mankind.

I

This brings us to the fundamental weakness of the arts in UNESCO's programme. The artist is not well-organized—nationally or internationally. The educational programme of UNESCO has moved effectively toward its goals from the beginning, supported and directed by strong national and international organizations. In the field of mass communications there are powerful governmental and private organizations in radio, press, and film. Scientists, librarians, and museum directors have well-established international organizations which have guided the UNESCO Secretariat from the beginning. But in the social sciences, humanities, and philosophy, and particularly in the arts, there has been much confusion and lack of direction because of ineffective organization on both the national and the international level.

The artist in the main has not yet accepted his responsibilities to society. He is still an individualist, still too willing to let others speak for him. In the ivory tower, the garret, the studio, he has lived to himself, a lonely fellow; and he has fared badly.

There are three types of organizations to which artists belong. The first might be called prestige bodies: P.E.N. clubs, and academies are examples. These bodies are for the successful artist. Undoubtedly they can make a valuable contribution to UNESCO; but they cannot speak for artists as a whole.

At the opposite end of the scale is the organization which is purely protective in character. Composers have linked themselves with music publishers in national and international associations for the collection of performance fees and the strengthening of copyright protection. Authors likewise have national and international copyright organizations.

What is needed most is the middle type of organization: the broadly based and democratic craft association which has protection as one of its objectives but seeks also to promote general cultural development and to work for the encouragement and advancement of the arts along broad lines. Such organizations exist in many countries, but they are handicapped by

lack of funds. By their very nature they are unable to charge a high membership fee. International organization presents problems with which they find difficulty in dealing.

Canada is particularly fortunate in having these democratic organizations in the arts. She is doubly fortunate in that these national organizations—sixteen in all, and with a total membership approaching ten thousand—are banded together in the Canadian Arts Council.

II

At the preliminary conference of UNESCO in London, November 1-16, 1945, a Preparatory Commission was established to work out a programme for the First General Conference the following year. The programme that was evolved by the Secretariat and working committees of the Preparatory Commission was duly submitted to the member states prior to the First General Conference, held at Paris, November 20 to December 10, 1946. The Canadian government asked the Canadian Arts Council to comment on the arts and letters section of the programme. The Council submitted the programme to the national organizations directly concerned, and the comment was prepared and sent to the government for briefing the delegates.

To this conference in keeping with Article IV of the Charter, the government sent a delegation largely representative of national co-operating bodies. The delegation included the writer, as delegate, and Miss Elizabeth Wyn Wood, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Canadian Arts Council, as alternate delegate. At the conference Miss Wood and I enjoyed an unique position, in that we spoke with the authority and voice of national organizations directly concerned with the programme in arts and letters. Among those who sat around the conference table considering that programme, not more than one-quarter were artists; the rest were museum and gallery directors, librarians, and state cultural experts.

The programme had been prepared by two entirely separate committees, since literature and the theatre were originally dealt with by a Letters and Philosophy Committee of the Preparatory Commission, while the visual arts and music programme was prepared by a Fine Arts Committee. The proposals for literature were in the main practical, though unimaginative. The theatre was largely ignored, except for the proposal to set up an International Theatre Institute. In music and visual arts we were confronted with a bewildering array of surveys, but little in the way of positive fostering of those arts.

On the basis of the comments of the national bodies affiliated with the Canadian Arts Council, the Canadian delegation prepared a list of priority activities to apply to all the arts. These were adopted at the opening meeting of the Sub-Commission on Arts and Letters, and form the final section of the report of the Sub-Commission. They are quoted in full

because they contain a practical statement of what UNESCO can do in the arts.

1. Information and documentation services will be organized immediately in Arts and Letters. These information services shall be co-ordinated with the related section of UNESCO with a view to an economy of personnel.

2. In the Central Exchange which, it is expected, will be set up by UNESCO, Arts and Letters (Visual Arts, Music, Literature, Theatre) will seek to:

(*a*) encourage and arrange for the direct exchange of students, teachers and creative artists and take practical steps for the purpose;

(*b*) encourage and facilitate visits of students, teachers and artists to other countries;

(*c*) publicize schools or institutes, of an international character, in the arts, including those offering short-term and summer instruction as well as longer courses;

(*d*) encourage international festivals in the arts;

(*e*) encourage the exchange of exhibitions and of musical and theatrical performances;

(*f*) encourage international organizations in the holding of conferences, bringing creative artists together.

3. UNESCO shall collaborate with and assist international organizations in the arts. Where such organizations do not exist, as in many of the Visual Arts and the Theatre, UNESCO should encourage efforts to establish them, provided they are on a satisfactory basis and appear to have good chances of success.

4. A Committee should be set up in collaboration with Mass Communication for the purpose of preparing recommendations to Member States with regard to:

(*a*) a reduction of postage rates on books, manuscripts, reproductions of paintings and other art objects which are sent by mail;

(*b*) the simplification of customs formalities and a reduction of duties on cultural material;

(*c*) possible immunity from customs examination and duties for books, films, records and other cultural material sent out by UNESCO;

(*d*) the interest taken by Arts and Letters in everything concerning the improvement of the present practice in regard to Copyright.

5. A similar Committee should be charged with the task of approaching air, sea and rail transport companies in order to obtain:

(*a*) a reduction of transport charged on shipments of books, paintings, stage scenery and accessories and other material in connection with exhibitions or activities arranged by UNESCO;

(*b*) a reduction in fares for students, teachers and creative artists travelling to other countries under exchange projects sponsored by UNESCO.

When the proposals in visual arts and music were considered, there was a pitched battle between the advocates of surveys and those who believed that UNESCO should concentrate on actual services. In the main the latter won the day, but some surveys were included in the 1947 programme;

these actually took precedence in the programme over the concrete services listed above, for reasons into which it is unnecessary to go here.

The most significant achievements of UNESCO in the arts in 1947 have been in the field of literature. In Canada two national committees have been set up to prepare lists of outstanding Canadian literary works in English and French. The work of these committees will combine two UNESCO projects: the translation of the classics and the preparation of a list of contemporary works to be recommended by UNESCO for translation. The Canadian Arts Council took the initiative in inviting national organizations to name representatives to these two committees. The committee preparing the English-Canadian list comprises representatives from the Canadian Authors' Association, the Canadian Library Association, the Humanities Research Council, and the Royal Society of Canada (Section II.) Representatives of La Société des Écrivains Canadiens, the Royal Society (Section I), the Canadian Library Association, and Montreal and Laval Universities are participating in the work of the French-Canadian committee.

The Canadian Arts Council, in association with its two member societies of writers, the Canadian Authors' Association and La Société des Écrivains Canadiens, has also co-operated in the project for an International Literary Pool and the organization of information services by submitting lists of literary reviews, with their addresses and editors, to UNESCO, and inviting the editors to send copies of their magazines to UNESCO.

In the theatre, plans are proceeding to set up an International Theatre Institute. Unfortunately, national theatre bodies were largely ignored at the meeting of theatre experts held in Paris in the summer of 1947 at which the plans for the organization were prepared. There is apparently some danger that UNESCO may turn over to the Theatre Institute the basic clearing-house services which are primarily its own responsibility.

In music and the visual arts little has been accomplished. A survey of the arts in general education has been started, though it has not yet been undertaken in Canada. At the Second General Conference, held in Mexico City from November 6 to December 3, 1947, the recommendation was made that an International Music Institute should be created comparable to the Theatre Institute. The conference also provided for UNESCO preparation of world catalogues of music and visual art reproductions.

III

UNESCO's programme in the arts remains a light-weight one. The Organization's total budget has been increased by two million dollars to a total of eight million dollars. Practically every other programme division was given a substantial increase in its budget, but the arts and letters figure remains approximately the same, $193,023. How unimportant it looks compared to more than a million for mass communications, and almost a million for each of education and natural science!

The basic reason for the weakness of UNESCO's arts and letters programme is the lack of a passionate belief and a direct, creative interest in the arts on the part of those who control UNESCO's policy. Cultural experts and administrators, librarians, museum directors, and scientists have been largely responsible for the programme. At meetings held in May, 1947, in Paris "to give advice to UNESCO on the arts and letters side of its programme" the press release, dated May 29, mentions a librarian, a professor of art history, two museum directors, and a cultural administrator. Only one artist, a writer, is mentioned as being present. No one questions the genuine interest of such persons in the arts. But there are separate sections of UNESCO for libraries and museums, and for the social sciences; in the arts and letters surely it is the artist who should be asked for advice; it is he who should administer the programme.

There is a very real danger inherent in this situation. Artists, the world over, are uneasy about UNESCO. They fear that the Organization, in its emphasis on the removal of barriers and the free flow of ideas, may identify itself with the distributor's point of view, without due regard to the interests of the creative worker. Few things could be more disastrous to UNESCO than a loss of confidence—even an hostility—toward the Organization on the part of artists.

Canada has a responsibility and a mission here. She is fortunate in having national craft organizations in the arts, and in having these speak with a united voice in the Canadian Arts Council. At the First General Conference of UNESCO her arts delegates, nominated by the Council, pointed the way to concrete services and activities which would be significant to artists and to those who love the arts. The four distinguished Canadians, practising artists in the UNESCO arts and letters field, whose names were submitted to the government by the Council as delegates and advisers for the delegation to the Second General Conference at Mexico City, might have accomplished much in giving the arts the central role they should play in UNESCO's drama. But disregarding the spirit and letter of the constitution, our government sent only civil servants to Mexico City. The Directors of the National Museum and the National Gallery spoke for Canadian artists.

Those who have the cause of UNESCO and the arts at heart should regard this merely as a temporary set-back, and work resolutely for the implementation of the UNESCO programme in Canada. This involves setting up a National Commission, as recommended in the Charter, in which a strong panel or committee in arts and letters can give leadership in demonstrating to Canada and the world what the artist can do in helping to shape the one-world outlook.

The first task of such a panel should be to play its part in organizing the world family of creative workers into one community. Artist must speak to artist. Contacts must be made; exchanges of information and personnel encouraged. We must employ and develop UNESCO's switchboard and clearing-house facilities. The Canadian artist should draw closer

to his fellow artist in all countries in common activity to achieve UNESCO's aims.

The aims are "the common welfare of mankind" and peace. UNESCO stands for educational and cultural democracy. We must open the book of the arts to our people. We must encourage a wider audience for our painters, musicians, writers, and theatre workers. Through UNESCO we must promote the export of their best work as we now promote the export of other commodities. At the same time that we encourage Canadians to appreciate their own culture, we must receive the incoming streams of art from other countries and make them aware of the cultures of other peoples.

The circulation of books, art, music, and theatre will contribute to understanding and to peace. But this is not enough. UNESCO should challenge the artists of the world to give positive leadership in building a living and creative internationalism in the minds and hearts of men. The philosopher has said: "In the world there is nothing great but man. In man there is nothing great but mind." Between two world wars it was the writers and artists, the intellectuals of Europe, who stood out against the cult of narrow nationalism. The dictators paid them the compliment of regarding them as their chief enemies. UNESCO should encourage writers and artists now, in this critical time, to dedicate themselves to the service of the one community to which men must give loyalty if our world is to survive. "... the peace must be founded, if it is not to fail, upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind."

THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

PELHAM EDGAR

THE MUSEUM FETISH

This Ushabti figure from the tomb of Psamtaek about 600 B.C. was the first link in the chain of events that led to the formation of the Museum.

IN an upstairs room of the Royal Ontario Museum there is a small case containing a diminutive figure. The visitor passes it by carelessly enough, perhaps wondering why a plain Ushabti figurine had been so selectively enshrined. If informed that it represents the pivotal centre of all the accumulated richness of this great archaeological collection, which exists because C. T. Currelly once blew his nose, his wonder would merely pass into amazed incredulity. As the story is told to him he is willing to accept this ridiculous fact for its symbolic significance.

In 1902 young Currelly found himself for the first time in London. He had gone there at the suggestion of Professor Mavor to collect material for a doctor's dissertation in the graduate school of Political Economy. Before leaving Toronto he had been given a bag of Roman coins by a strange character called Farini, tight-rope walker, circus manager, grand opera manager, African explorer, begonia expert, and antiquarian. He was one of the few celebrities who had walked the Niagara gorge on a tight-rope.

Currelly took the opportunity of having some of the puzzling items identified at the British Museum, and found his way into the office of Mr. Gruber, an important member of the coin department. Here his difficulties were affably cleared up, and Gruber directed him to a shop where he might get a particular coin he wanted. The next day he found this specimen, and also made the not extravagant purchase of an Egyptian Ushabti figure, which for safety he carefully wrapped in his handkerchief. He then went to the B.M. to thank Mr. Gruber for his courtesies of the previous day. In the course of an interesting conversation he wanted to blow his nose, and as he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket the Ushabti slid out on the table.

"You are interested in Egypt, I see."

"I am indeed, though I know all too little about it. A queer dream of mine has been that I might some day go to Egypt with Flinders Petrie."

"Why don't you?" Gruber said.

Currelly demurred that he didn't know him, and couldn't call on him as a complete stranger. "That's easily arranged," said Gruber; "I'll give you an introduction. By good luck Petrie happens to be in town today. You shouldn't miss the chance of seeing him."

Currelly needed no second bidding, and Petrie, the interview ended, agreed to give him a two weeks' trial.

So sudden a change in his plans prompted Currelly to ask the advice of Prince Kropotkin whom he had known in Toronto. Kropotkin was enthusiastic, and advised him strongly not to miss so valuable an opportunity. And so the die was cast, and the nose blowing was beginning to operate.

One difficulty arose that might have had serious consequences. He asked Petrie one day to tell him something about Gruber who had given him the introduction.

"Do you mean to say that you are not an old friend of his? He is the Treasurer of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, and I took for granted that he knew all about you." When Currelly explained the casual nature of his acquaintance Petrie said with some emphasis that his recommendation to the Board would have to be withdrawn unless he could establish his identity. This was promptly done by communication with Chancellor Burwash and President Loudon. The appointment was confirmed and Currelly received his sailing orders for Egypt *via* Crete.

Needless to say that he more than made good, and was a permanent member of the Egyptian Exploration Fund staff until his final return to Toronto in 1908. His first season (1902-3) was at Abydos, his second (1903-4) at Ehnassieh, his third (1904-5) at Sinai, and his fourth (1905-6) at Der el Bahari. After that he took a well-deserved holiday in Canada in the summer of 1906, when things began to happen.

In the early days Currelly had pondered the possibility of establishing a decent collection, however small, in his own college, and had gained the enthusiastic support of Chancellor Burwash of Victoria University for the idea. The proposal was to gather material which might provide an instructional basis for a school of biblical archaeology. Of course there was no money, but many valuable objects had been coming from the finds of the Egyptian Exploration Fund and from Currelly's individual purchases. To facilitate the flow of material Chancellor Burwash and a few others became supporters of the Fund for a small fee. On Currelly's first return to Canada in 1906 this material had already reached such sizeable proportions that a more ambitious scheme was formulated which involved the co-operation of the University of Toronto.

When he talks of these pre-natal days Currelly is wont to stress the element of luck which was of a degree that borders on the supernatural. He has told me not once but many times of a visit that he paid before leaving for Canada in 1906 to the shop of a Cairo dealer in antiquities named Kitikas. As he was looking at a particularly fine gem he said to himself: "Walker would like that one." He found that the price was £5, and he hadn't the spare cash to pay for it. So he said to Kitikas that a friend of his in Toronto would certainly be glad to have it, and could he take it on the chance? "Either you will have your five pounds in the autumn or your gem returned in time for your winter sales."

The easy bargain was struck, and one day Currelly put the gem in his pocket when starting out to see his old friend B.E. (later Sir Edmund)

Walker. His purpose was to discuss the chances for establishing an archaeological museum as a University project. Walker, slumped in his easy chair, was enthusiastic but hopeless. It had long been a dream of his, but the time was past. Prices had now reached a fantastic height, and the University's finances were limited to the same fantastic degree. If you could buy in the market now as you could have done twenty years ago the scheme might at least be discussed.

"I was in London last spring," he said, "and I wanted to buy a decent gem for my necktie. The prices were preposterous, and the gems were almost worthless. I was asked £80 for one that I would hardly have taken for a gift." "What do you think of this one?" Currelly said, pulling it from his pocket. "I never saw anything nearly so good as that" was Walker's remark. "I thought you would like it, and I got it for you before I left Egypt. It seemed to me that the price was rather stiff, but if you want to pay Kitikas five pounds the gem is yours."

Walker got his gem, but the main point is that he realized that the antiquity market was not prohibitive. He undertook to present the matter at the next meeting of the Board, but he said with a wry smile that unless he was eloquent enough to convince Sam Blake the case was hopeless.

When the meeting arrived and the eloquent speech had been made proposing that Currelly should be granted a thousand dollars of purchase money, there was a thunderous "Nonsense" from Sam Blake down the table. Walker thought that the game was up. "Nonsense, make it fifteen hundred"—and the University became responsible for an embryo archaeological museum.

The money duly arrived after Currelly had returned to Egypt for his 1906-7 digging in Der el Bahari, and the Luxor antiquity shops across the river now became a tempting bait for this pauper turned Croesus. At least he would need no longer to gamble to the same extent on his private means. He was further fortified that winter by his appointment by Acting President Hutton as Collector for the University of Toronto Museum with no salary and no expense account!

While still in Toronto, Currelly became much in demand as a public lecturer, and this was mainly responsible for the growing interest in the museum idea. Our university has produced occasional lecturers of note outside of academic bounds. Hutton and John Macnaughton come instantly to mind. Their literary grace, their wit, and their eloquence are not to be denied; yet lacking these polished gifts, and with not a tithe of their sense of language, J. C. Maclennan and Currelly more than matched them in effectiveness before a public audience. Their efforts were far other than inspired sales-talks. They had an intellectual basis, but they had the same dividend-producing result. It was after one of these forceful addresses that I took Currelly up to Craigleigh one Sunday afternoon to meet Sir Edmund Osler. He was destined to be one of the Museum's most powerful

friends, and without his support its establishment might have been indefinitely delayed.

In 1907-8 while Currelly was still at Der el Bahari, an imposing dahabiah tied up at the shore with a large COW on its flag, suggesting that milk was the staple drink of its owners. These were the eminent Torontonians Cockshutt, Osler, and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Warren on a sight-seeing tour. They sent a note to Currelly who was working at the temple asking him to lunch with them at the near-by Cook's rest cabin. He promptly complied, and after lunch put himself at their disposal for a tour of the temple precincts. Currelly was in his element here, and the party was glad enough to escape the routine patter of the customary official guide.

He then took them to the famous Hatshepshut wall, and said that a year before William Laffin, publisher of the *New York Sun* had encountered him taking tin-foil and wax impressions of a portion of the wall. He had told Laffin that he hoped ultimately to reproduce the whole surface, and find an artist to colour it with the original before him. Laffin, who was on the Metropolitan Museum Board, said that he would guarantee that his museum would take the finished product; and he would also personally guarantee to contribute £1,000 to the Egyptian Exploration Fund.

Currelly had engaged a most competent artist, Walter Tyndale, to undertake the job, and he now confessed to his Toronto friends that while he was about it he had made two casts, hoping that he would find someone to pay for the wall and have it shipped to Toronto. The surface was so vast that he had trained four or five native workmen to take the impressions, and now the job was nearly done.

"Don't you think that you and I could manage that?" said Warren to Osler. "I certainly think we can and must," said Osler. And that is how the Royal Ontario Museum came into possession of this Der el Bahari treasure of Queen Hatshepshut's royal expedition to Punt. It is not an original of course, but it has the freshness of tone that the original, weathered by constant sand-storms, could not preserve. When I saw it last a few days ago half a dozen artists were copying portions of the exquisite detail.

It was not long before this meeting in the desert bore fruit. Osler, already friendly, now became enthusiastic in promoting the museum project. His influence was completely effective in the winter of 1908-9 when a small group of University Governors interviewed the Premier of Ontario, Sir James Whitney, to request an initial government grant of fifty thousand dollars for a four hundred thousand dollar building scheme. The cabinet, it may be said, had been invited a few days before to inspect a portion of the collections which were being exhibited in Wycliffe College. Whitney was a Tory, and Osler was unquestionably the most influential member of the party. Nevertheless Whitney, autocrat though he was, stalled as politicians are wont to do. He was favourably disposed himself, he said, but he was extremely doubtful how the legislature would take the

proposal. "If that is your feeling, Sir James," said Osler, "I guarantee personally to underwrite the project to the tune of fifty thousand." Whitney consented to bring the matter before his cabinet, and present it as a government bill in the legislature. Needless to say the grant was voted, and Osler was not called upon to make good his commitment. He told Currelly later that he considered his guarantee still valid, and the Museum could count on spending money to the extent of ten thousand dollars a year for five years. This was a wonderful start, for the financial arrangement ultimately made with the University was that the government would duplicate whatever contributions the University made. In the chronic state of the University finances this was not such a bad arrangement for the government, since it was not required to take the initiative, and the sums it must duplicate would never be excessive.

The Board of Trustees which was established in 1912 consisted of the following members: the Minister of Mines, the Minister of Education, E. B. Osler, B. E. Walker, Mrs. Warren, Z. A. Lash, the Chancellor of the University, the President of the University. The Bursar of the University was appointed to act as Secretary, and the Superintendent of the University was to have the responsibility for the buildings as soon as the architects, Darling and Pearson, handed them over. The site chosen was a block of land belonging to the University at the south-west corner of Bloor Street and Queen's Park. The first wing to be constructed ran north and south with entrance from the Bloor Street end. It was finished in 1913 and ready for the official opening on March 17, 1914.

The archaeological material was given the first two floors with C. T. Currelly as the first Director. Geology was to be under Coleman, Mineralogy was assigned to T. L. Walker, Palaeontology to Parks, and Zoology to Bensley, thus establishing five directors for the internal management of the departments.

Among the directors the most energetic and competent museum men were unquestionably Currelly, Parks, and Walker. Bensley, who was given the top floor, inherited the material collected by Ramsay Wright. The bird collection, only a portion of which is displayed because of the effect of sunshine upon plumage, is satisfyingly complete for the Western Hemisphere. Coleman was essentially a field man. His achievements there had gained him a Fellowship in the Royal Society, and he was content to delegate most of the responsibility for his department to Parks, who was also later to achieve his F.R.S. The department of Mineralogy is so closely related to the Geological that the mere layman wonders why these two departments were not combined under one director. Indeed T. L. Walker who was responsible for Mineralogy used to say that if they were little stones they were Mineralogy, and if big stones Geology. Walker was an indefatigable collector, and had the genuine museum man's knack of displaying his material to the best advantage. Parks's gallery is deservedly one of the most popular in the Museum, for it contains an almost matchless

collection of dinosaurs, many of them of hitherto undiscovered species, and some even of new genus. In 1918 he had put his pick-axe on his shoulder and gone with a small party to the Belly River in the famed Red Deer region. Their first finds were so remarkable that the expedition was repeatedly renewed in the next fourteen years, an expensive but rewarding affair made possible by the generosity of Colonel Leonard. One feature of this gallery is the series of large paintings by the late G. A. Reid, illustrating the stages of animal and vegetable life millions of years before the advent of man. As decoration they are admirable, and for teaching purposes invaluable. They are not mere flights of prehistoric imagination, but as the outcome of countless hours of consultation between Parks and the artist they are representations of the remote past of our planet such as modern science conceives it. At least it may be said that no man living can prove them inaccurate.

Good fortune continued to attend Currelly in his archaeological adventures, for with the help of friendly donors he was able to feel the pulse of the antiquity market with some hope of a response. He was particularly anxious to achieve a proper balance in his collections. His early purchases had amassed a wealth of prehistorics and of Egyptian and Roman material. The Chinese collection was not so fully developed, but it contained a famous Lohan or seated Buddha presented by Mrs. Warren, and fine velvets, carpets, and embroideries from the dispersed Imperial collection. This Lohan deserves to rank with the Ushabti figurine as the second fetish of the Museum, for it was the chance sight of a coloured postcard displayed over the cigar counter of his hotel that sent Mr. George Crofts upon the difficult search for the original in the Royal Ontario Museum, the mere existence of which had until then been unknown to him.

The card itself had an interesting chance history. Shortly after the Lohan had been purchased for Canada, Currelly happened to be staying at Coombe Bank as a guest of Mr. Robert Mond. Sanger Shepherd was also there, and Mond, who regretted that England was losing the statue but rejoiced that Canada was receiving it, asked Shepherd whether he would make a coloured photograph for him. He agreed, and when Currelly asked Shepherd if he could do it for picture-postcard reproduction also he assented, and Mond asked him to send five thousand to the Museum with his compliments. It was this card seen by chance over the cigar counter that made Toronto one of the world's important centres of Chinese art.

The modest flow of Chinese objects into London was given increased vigour by the opening of the Shen-Si railway early in the century. Until that time jades and bronzes and porcelains of the Ching period had been the staple diet, but now that the railway's right of way ploughed through a mass of ancient tombs Pekin dealers had access to new sources of supply. An increasing volume of old tomb potteries found their way to London, and were snapped up by private collectors, the most noteworthy of whom was a wealthy Greek, Eumorfopoulos, who ultimately bequeathed his col-

lection to the South Kensington Museum. A great impetus to public and professional interest was given by a loan exhibition at the Burlington Club in 1909, an interest that was enhanced by a superbly illustrated and highly expensive catalogue which they issued for the occasion.

Currelly was in the midst of all this excitement, but his curiosity was always checked by reticence or evasiveness when he sought to discover the Chinese source from which these treasures flowed. Even the London centre was at the time unknown to him. He happened to be in the Burlington Club library one evening, and was describing to an expert two fine Han vases he had recently received from his friend Hornblower of Cairo. They were of the old Chinese period, and no others of the type had come to Europe. "You are not quite right there, for rather a large shipment has just arrived in London." "Where can I see them?" "That I can't tell you, for I am under an oath of secrecy not to reveal the place. But my oath does not bind me not to tell you that Hobson of the B.M. knows their whereabouts. Perhaps he will let you know." Currelly was waiting at Hobson's office door the next morning, and perhaps absent-mindedly Hobson gave him the wrong address. A week or two later his friend Seligman took him into the City and introduced him to Mr. Spiers, the head of the firm of Frank and Company. On a display table he saw specimens of the rare vases, and other articles of a shipment that had just been unpacked. This solved the London end of the riddle. In the years that followed many deals were made with Spiers at no small price. But neither by Spiers nor by any one else was the mysterious Chinese source revealed to him.

The revelation of identity came in Toronto ten years later. One afternoon towards the close of the war Currelly was taking the President of the University of Manitoba through the galleries when the Museum secretary, Miss Chadwick, came to him saying that a Mr. Crofts of New York would like to have a talk with him if he could spare the time. "He seems to be a dealer," she said. Currelly went across the gallery to tell him that he was extremely sorry that he was engaged. Mr. Crofts told him that he had been greatly interested in his material and its arrangement. "It was fortunate that I was able to get here at all, for I discovered only by chance that there was a museum in Toronto, and when I drove up neither the taxi-driver nor the corner policeman knew where the building was." Currelly admitted that this often happened, and then with regrets that he was engaged walked with him towards the exit door. As they passed by a fine Chinese velvet hanging on the wall, a gift from Mrs. Warren, the supposed New York dealer remarked, "That was for over 400 years before the throne in the Jehal Palace." As Currelly walked back from the door to rejoin his university president it flashed through his mind that this Mr. Crofts was not just another New York dealer. The velvet had been purchased by Mrs. Warren through Frank, and this man knew its intimate history. He must be the missing link and the main source of the London supply!

When he had finished with his important visitor he hurried to his telephone. "Is Mr. Crofts registered with you?" He tracked him down at the King Edward Hotel and lost no time in getting there. The desk-clerk rang up the room, and Mrs. Crofts replied that her husband was out, but that she expected him in shortly.

With unexplained politeness Mrs. Crofts came down to the desk, and seeing a tired and anxious look on the visitor's face said, "You look as if you needed a cup of tea. My husband will be in soon, for we are leaving for San Francisco in less than an hour, and he has not finished his packing." Currelly had not drunk his cup of tea when Crofts arrived, evidently not a little surprised at seeing him again so soon. He made no mystery of the fact that he was the man who had been supplying the Frank firm with their Chinese treasures. "I was interested in what I saw today, and I should like to help you out if I can."

"We have never had any money, so I suppose I can't ask you to quote prices as we can't do business."

"I am not able to supply you with money, but we have time at least to have a look at some photographs that are in that bag. You shouldn't find the prices too prohibitive."

Evidences of impending departure were everywhere in the room, and there was no time for expansive talk.

When about fifty photographs were produced Currelly's eyes sadly blazed.

"How much would you want for those two figures?" he asked, expecting a ten thousand dollar answer.

"I could lay them down in Toronto for $250" was the quiet reply.

Currelly said that if he could show the photographs to a few people he might be able to purchase most of the objects. In that case he would telegraph him in care of his ship. Crofts agreed to this, and doing some rapid figuring fixed the price of the whole collection at precisely $6,800.

Currelly does not remember eating any dinner, but that same evening he took the photographs to Mrs. Warren, and told of his strange encounter. "It was your velvet that started the whole affair." He could later tell her that her Lohan might claim priority, but he did not know then the strange part it had played in the adventure.

The next morning the full sum was advanced and the telegram to the ship was sent. At a later date word came from Crofts that he had made an error in his estimate, and Currelly learned that the bill was smaller by four hundred dollars. A very friendly footing was established with Mr. Crofts with the consequence that from that day until his death in 1925 a good share of the wealth of China was diverted to Toronto.

A few words as to the nature of these additions is in order. From the beginning of what we may call the Shen-Si railway period, a few figures and figurines had been included in the shipments to London. Probably the first that came to America were brought to Chicago by Lauffer, but

they were of poor quality with the exception of one that was badly broken. At the Burlington Club exhibition there had been a few very good ones in the same tradition as Lauffer's good but broken example. By the time the Crofts connection was made they were more numerous, and Currelly asked him to send on quantities of them, especially such as represented not only the art but the characteristic life of the T'ang period. There is in Toronto as a result a series of processional groups and single figures that cannot be matched anywhere in the world. Some years ago the Japanese government sent a number of archaeologists to America to study Chinese art. They were particularly concerned with the T'ang pottery figurines, and Boston sent them on to Toronto as the admitted world centre for the period.

When the market for this type of product thinned out, and forgeries became almost as plentiful as originals, Crofts turned his attention to objects of larger size. Some remarkable statues in wood or stone came out of the Buddhist monasteries, but the Museum's most prized possession on the heroic scale is the tomb of General Tsu Ta Cheou. It is on the main floor to the left of the Arms and Armour room which is the first great gallery the visitor enters. In the original site an approach of half a mile led to the tomb itself, and at spaced intervals were two impressive arches with carved panels of great beauty flanked by two camels and two human figures of heroic size. The General was a connoisseur, and the four carved panels on two of these arches date from a period much earlier than his own. The delicate landscape effects are a marvel of sculptural workmanship and design.

There are two pieces in the room which do not belong to the tomb series, but are in harmony with the setting. These are two sculptured lions called "dogs of Fu" of thirteen tons each. They had long stood before the Austrian Legation in Pekin, until the stress of a political and financial crisis brought them to our doors, but not within for several years. With the tomb material they stood in crates outside until a new wing of the Museum was built with flooring capable of sustaining their enormous weight.

With the death of Dr. Crofts in 1925 it seemed likely that Chinese material would cease to flow into Toronto. As it happened the flow merely changed its character. Bishop White of Honan, China, on his occasional visits to Canada had become increasingly interested in the growth of our Chinese collections, and now, with no official connection with the Museum, he began sending objects of high value to Toronto. These at first were early bronzes and jades, tiles of the pre-Christian period, and a number of Chinese small scroll paintings better in quality than those already acquired. His greatest artistic contribution was the noble fresco of *circa* A.D. 1200 that covers the north wall in the Chinese Fresco gallery. This fresco, about five inches thick, arrived in eighty boxes, and the problem was to transfer it to canvas. Professor Stout of Harvard had recently perfected a method of achieving this result; and he kindly came to Toronto to instruct

the Museum technicians in the process. By a stroke of good fortune a Japanese New York dealer named Kanaka had managed to obtain two more frescoes of like size and of the same period, and these he put at the Museum's disposal for a remarkably moderate sum. They now flank the original fresco on the east and west sides of the gallery.

When Bishop White returned to Canada in the early thirties, he was put in charge of East Asiatic art. But his activities were not confined to art, for he was instrumental also in acquiring a Chinese library of fifty thousand volumes which Dr. Sigmund Samuel and Sir Robert Mond jointly donated to the Museum. With the mass of Chinese material thus available Dr. Cody felt himself justified in establishing the successful School of Chinese Studies under Bishop White's direction.

Although I have written at some length I have touched only the fringe of my subject, for the Royal Ontario Museum demands not a chapter but a book. As it stands my gaps are almost as important as my inclusions, for half a score of the departments have gone without a reference. It might seem from my account that the archaeological collections are overweighted in some directions, if a balanced whole was the result to be desired. This is hardly fair criticism, for a director must march where the going is good, and seize the occasion as it comes with regard alike to the opportunity and the funds at his disposal. An instance of this may be found in the Greek and the Graeco-Roman collections. The early start which these received represents a happy combination of good luck and good judgment, with an adequate intermixture of boldness.

As it chanced Currelly's years in Upper Egypt coincided with a zest for fertilizing the soil on the part of the Egyptian farmers. To that end hordes of fellaheen were set to work digging over the Roman ruins to secure the dust from the mud bricks that had been mixed with straw and the ashes from the cooking fires. This brought to light great quantities of Graeco-Roman antiquities, particularly the ordinary things that the common people had used, pots and pans and kettles, toys, fragments of cloth, tools, and, occasionally, weapons. As these were not fashionable items at the time, masses of them were acquired for a song. Coins were also coming out of the ground by the potful. Currelly bought over thirty thousand Roman coins in two weeks for seven dollars; some of these coins were listed in the dealers' catalogues at two to ten pounds apiece. Many textiles in fine preservation—tunics, caps, and curtains—also found their way to Toronto in this prolific but uncostly period. It was not exactly an adherence to the precept of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest; for if the policy of making a little money go a long way was adopted, on the other hand the Museum has refused fabulous increases of price for articles judiciously acquired and preserved against all temptation for their unique artistic value.

Foundations had now been laid for the Graeco-Roman section, which rapidly developed when Dr. Allan Sturge's famous collection was made

available for purchase. The Director and Sturge had become firm friends, and this friendship, we may assume, made him generously inclined to the Royal Ontario Museum. He offered Toronto his unique collection of Greek vases, early European bronzes, and Pacific Island jades at the price they had cost forty years before. The reduced sum was by no means small, and Dr. Sigmund Samuel generously made himself responsible for the amount.

This foreshortened account of an institution's origin and growth has at least made clear the co-operative spirit which prevailed to shape the Royal Ontario Museum to its present distinction. Disharmonies and discords vanish in the achieved result. They existed doubtless, but probably less as a check than a spur to the constructive energy which never slackened. A museum is never a finished product until it is dead. Ours is still in its vital period of growth, and our hope is that its epitaph will never be written. We are very young and very poor by contrast with some of our resplendent rivals of the outer world. But without complacency it may be said that no museum has attained such growth in so short a space of time, and under difficulties which seemed insuperable.

ROBERT FERGUSSON AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SCOTLAND

James A. Roy

ROBERT FERGUSSON was born in Edinburgh on September 5, 1751. His father, William Fergusson, was a clerk; his mother was Elizabeth Forbes, youngest daughter of John Forbes, gentleman, of Templeton, Kildrummy. By birth William Fergusson was his wife's social equal, but, being a younger son, he had to earn his living, and was first bound apprentice to a merchant in Aberdeen. On the death of his master he went to Edinburgh with his wife, whom he had married about 1741, and his two young children. He there obtained employment as a clerk with Mr. Robert Baillie, at the time the only haberdasher in Edinburgh. Fergusson senior was a douce man but he had little push or ambition, and remained very poor all his days. Robert first attended a small private school which was conducted by a Mr. Philip in Niddry's Wynd almost opposite Allan Ramsay's old bookshop, and, as Allan did not die until 1758, his cheery dapper figure was no doubt familiar to the young boy who was destined so soon to be his successor. From Mr. Philip's, Robert was sent to the High School where his first master was John Gilchrist, whom Henry Mackenzie in his *Reminiscences and Anecdotes of Edinburgh* describes as "a good-humoured man, with a good deal of comedy about him; liked by his class." The school curriculum was a stiff one, but Fergusson was an apt pupil and got a good classical grounding, although greatly handicapped by ill health. Among his schoolfellows were such later celebrities as Sir William Fettes, the founder of Fettes College; Alexander Fraser Tytler, afterwards Lord Woodhouselee, the historian and publisher of the *Memoirs* of Lord Kames and many other works; James Boswell; and Dugald Stewart, the metaphysician, who was to show a helpful interest in Robert Burns. There were also boys of position like Neil Primrose, the third Earl of Rosebery; Lord Rosehill, the eldest son of the Earl of Northesk; and Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster. None of them seems to have remembered Fergusson or to have made the slightest attempt to help him in his hour of sorrow and distress. After four years at the High School the future poet was "presented" to a "mortification," the Strathmartine-Fergusson "bursary," which had been founded by the parish minister of Strathmartine for the "maintenance and education of two poor children" of his own surname at the Grammar School of Dundee. Later, if the pupil showed an aptitude for study, the bursary would take him to St. Andrews. That is why Fergusson went to St. Andrews instead of to the University of Edinburgh. He matriculated at St. Andrews in February, 1765, being then in his fifteenth year. His intention was to study for the ministry of the Church of Scotland.

St. Andrews, when Fergusson lived there, was a town of ghost-haunted streets, mean ale-houses, and sordid poverty. Defoe had had a good word to say for the "Royal and Ancient Borough," but ten years or so after Fergusson left the University, Robert Heron (who edited Thomson's *Seasons*, conducted the *London Globe*, and wrote a life of Burns) could refer sarcastically to the 250 ale-houses which seemed to be the main support of the inhabitants. Chevalier Johnstone, who was the Young Pretender's aide in 1745 and who afterwards fought under Montcalm at Quebec, gives what A. B. Grosart terms a "vitriolic" description of Andrew Lang's first love. "It was full of the accursed race of Calvinists, hypocrites who cover over their crimes with the veil of religion; fraudulent and dishonest in their dealings; who carry their holy dissimulation so far as to take off their bonnets to say grace when they take even a pinch of snuff; who have the name of God constantly in their mouths and hell in their hearts. No town ever so much deserved the fate of Sodom and Gommora." Six years later, Dr. Johnson paid the city a visit and this is how it impressed *him:*

> The city of St. Andrews, when it had lost its archiepiscopal pre-eminence, gradually decayed: one of its streets is now lost; and in those that remain there is the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation. . . . St. Andrews . . . a place eminently adapted to study and education . . . has formerly suffered more atrocious ravages and more extensive destruction, but recent evils affect with greater force. . . . Had the University been destroyed two centuries ago, we should not have regretted it; but to see it pining in decay, and struggling for life, fills the mind with mournful images and ineffectual wishes.

By way of compensation Johnson recorded that the professors entertained Boswell and himself "with a very good dinner." Unfortunately, however, anecdotes about the Great Cham's rudeness to his hosts were circulated, and Boswell found it necessary to contradict "a very absurd and ill-natured story as to what passed at St. Andrews." Fergusson was one Scot who refused to accept Boswell's *démenti* and in his biting verses "To the Principal and Professors of the University of St. Andrews" he not only chastises the Doctor for his rudeness but rallies the Regents on the "superb treat" which they had given the man who had insulted their university and their race. Whatever their faults, Boswell paid tribute to the professors, "of whose civilities I beg leave to add my humble and very grateful acknowledgments to the honourable testimony of Dr. Johnson in his Journey."

On May 17, 1767, William Fergusson "died of an asthma." His death changed the course of Robert's life. His mother was left destitute; his uncle, a prosperous gentleman-farmer in Aberdeenshire, had ignored all appeals for financial assistance; the Strathmartine-Fergusson bursary had expired. Instead of being able to continue his studies for the next four years at St. Andrews with a view to becoming a minister, the young student found that it was absolutely necessary to find some immediate employment that would bring in even a pittance to help support his widowed mother.

Suggestions by various friends that he should study law in Edinburgh were well-meant but futile; it was a long and expensive course of study with a dubious and precarious future. He obtained, after a fruitless visit to his relative in the north, a miserably paid post in the office of the Commissary-Clerk. There, and later in the office of the Sheriff-Clerk, he toiled, copying "Decreets for Declarators of Marriage Adherance and Aliment," a soul-destroying "daily drudgery at the desk's dead wood."

It will always be a matter of speculation as to how Fergusson would have fared if he had gone into the ministry. His parents were religious people and religious principles had early been inculcated in the boy. In fact, not only as a child but as long as he lived, he was deeply religious. But as he grew to manhood the "healing power" of the Scriptures declined; they had less and less influence on the growth and development of his character; they were unable to act as his shield in his hour of weakness. When his mind began to go, the memory of the Scripture message filled him with misery and despair; his "damnatory creed" affected him in the same way that Cowper's belief tormented him in his hours of spiritual crisis. A conversation Fergusson held with the Reverend John Brown in the churchyard of Haddington, on the mortal state of man, only drove him into deeper melancholy and hastened his mental collapse.

But, if our poet would have been unhappy with the Evangelicals in the Church, he would have been no more content with the Moderates. He would have censured their convivial ways, their worldly habit of mind, and their stipend-lifting materialism. He could hardly have approved of the conduct of Lord Dunmore, the leader of the Moderates of the Kirk, who openly kept his mistress, Lucky Vint, in a tavern at Prestongrange. Yet "Jupiter" Carlyle, one of the most distinguished of the Moderates, mentions the fact with absolute complacency. Carlyle also writes very frankly about a distinguished brother-clergyman, Dr. Alexander Webster, an Evangelical:

> Webster, leader of the high-flying party, had justly obtained much respect among the clergy, and all ranks indeed, for having established the Widows' Fund. . . . His appearance of great strictness in religion, to which he was bred under his father, who was a very popular minister of the Tolbooth Church, not acting in restraint of his convivial humour, he was held to be excellent company even by those of dissolute manners; while, being a five bottle man, he could lay them all under the table. This had brought on him the nickname of Dr. Bonum Magnum in the time of faction. But never being indecently the worse for liquor, and a love of claret, to any degree, not being reckoned in those days a sin in Scotland, all his excesses were pardoned.

Dean Ramsay's nineteenth-century comment on such anecdotes is this:

> Of two well-known, distinguished, and leading clergymen in the middle of the eighteenth century, one who had "obtained much respect," and "had the appearance of great strictness in religion," is described as an enormous drinker of claret; the other, an able leader of a powerful faction

in the church, is described as *owing* his influence to his power of meeting the conviviality of the times. Suppose for a moment a future biographer should write in this strain of eminent divines, and should apply to distinguished members of the Scottish Church in 1863 such descriptions as the following: "Dr. — was a man who took a leading part in all church affairs at this time, and was much looked up to by the evangelical section of the General Assembly; he could always carry off without much difficulty his five bottles of claret. Dr. — had great influence in society, and led the opposite party in the General Assembly, as he could take his place in all companies, and drink on fair terms at the most convivial tables!!" Why, this seems to us so monstrous, that we can scarcely believe Dr. Carlyle's account of matters in his day to be possible.

But we must not forget that Moderates like "Jupiter" Carlyle saved their country from falling again into the dark and dismal abyss that was Scotland in the days that succeeded the Covenant. They were pagans, if you like, eighteenth-century Scottish pagans, who fought for their culture and won despite the bitter opposition of a narrow and bigoted Calvinism. They were the natural products of the reaction against the Calvinist system. They gloried in their "pagan morality." The new school of "legal" preachers or moralists were at first bitterly opposed by the "high-flyers" or Evangelicals, but the day of the Wodrows and the Ebenezer Erskines was definitely over, of militant saints like Patrick Walker who called a theological opponent, Professor Simpson, "a hotch potch or bagful of Arian, Arminian, Socinian, Pelagian, old condemned damnable errors" and denounced the Episcopalians "with their high church liturgy (or rather lethargy), with their service books of reading preachings and prayers and bagpipes of organs and singing boys" as "very unsavoury food to an enlightened believing soul."

To return, however, to Robert Fergusson. His interests soon extended far beyond the Church. He knew Woods the actor and Tenducci the singer. Tenducci admired Scottish airs and sang them admirably and with great acceptance, "in the style," Henry Mackenzie tells us, "suited to that tenderness and simplicity which are the characteristics of the ancient Scottish air, without any of those graces or ornaments which are foreign to them, and which destroy the effect they are intended to have on the hearer by the gentle pathos they almost all possess." It was Tenducci who first interested George Thomson in Scottish tunes, the result being six volumes of *Original Scottish Airs* to which Burns contributed 125 songs. Fergusson made his first appearance as an author by contributing three songs to the opera *Artaxerxes*, which was a translation of Metastasio's work of that name. The English version, which was produced at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in 1769, was a miserable travesty of the original, and Fergusson's songs were on a par with the rest of the work. Although Tenducci sang them, the author was so ashamed of the versicles that he never acknowledged them. But he had at least the satisfaction of actually seeing his name in print, and the very fact that he had been asked to write verses for the opera at all, and that they had been sung by Tenducci, is

proof that Fergusson was already known as a writer to a small literary and artistic circle and that his talents were recognized. The publication of "The Daft Days" in Ruddiman's *Weekly Magazine*, on January 2, 1772, first showed the public, especially that part of it which understood and habitually spoke the vernacular, that a new poet had arisen in Scotland and that the Scottish Muse was not only not dead but capable of high utterance. "The Daft Days" is full of pawky humour and has the smack and intimacy of Old Edinburgh in its every stanza.

Auld Reikie! thou'rt the canty hole;
A bield for mony caldrife soul, *shelter, cheerless*
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll, *fire-side*
Baith warm and couth; *comfortable*
While round they gar the bicker roll, *kind of wooden dish*
To weet their mouth.

Two months later appeared the "Elegy on the Death of Scots Music,' an appealing little thing that is full of pathos, poetry, and patriotism.

At glomin now the bagpipe's dumb,
Whan weary owsen hameward come;
Sae sweetly as it wont to bum,
And *Pibrach's* skreed;
We never hear its warlike hum,
For music's dead. . . .

Now foreign sonnets bear the gree
And crabbit queer variety
Of sounds fresh sprung frae *Italy*,
A bastard breed!
Unlike that saft-tong'd melody
Which now lies dead. . . .

O SCOTLAND! that cou'd yence afford
To bang the pith of Roman sword,
Winna your sons, wi' joint accord,
To battle speed?
And fight till MUSIC be restor'd,
Which now lies dead?

On June 4, 1772, appeared (again in Ruddiman's *Weekly Magazine*) the jolly, witty verses on "The King's Birthday in Edinburgh," when

fock of ilka age and name, *folk*
Baith blind and cripple,
Forgather aft, O fy for shame!
To drink and tipple.

On August 27 Ruddiman's published "Caller Oysters," another intimate poem with a rich vernacular and pungent but wholesome humour. It contains what is perhaps Fergusson's best bit of interior description:

Whan big as burns the gutters rin,
Gin ye hae catcht a droukit skin, *wet*
To *Luckie Middlemist's* loup in, *jump*
And sit fu snug
Oe'r oysters and a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

When auld Saunt Giles, at aught o'clock
Gars merchant lowns their chopies lock,
There we adjourn wi' hearty fock
To birle our bodles, *drink, farthings*
And get wharewi' to crack our joke,
And clear our noddles.

Whan *Phoebus* did his windocks steek, *windows shut*
How often at that ingle cheek *fire-place*
Did I my frosty fingers beek, *warm*
And taste gude fare?
I trow there was nae hame to seek
When steghin there.

While glakit fools, o'er rife o' cash,
Pamper their weyms wi' fousom trash,
I think a chiel may gayly pass, *a young fellow*
He's no ill boden *provided for*
That gusts his gabb wi' oyster sauce, *tastes, mouth*
And hen weel sodden.

"Braid Claith," "Hallowfair," "To the Tron Kirk Bell," "Mutual Complaint of Plainstanes and Causey," "The Rising of the Session," "The Farmer's Ingle," and other verses followed in rapid succession. There is admirable satire in the first of these works:

Braid Claith lends fock an unco heese, *lift*
Makes mony kail-worms butter-flees,
Gies mony a doctor his degrees
For little skaith;
In short, you may be what you please
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For thof ye had as wise a snout on,
As *Shakespeare* or *Sir Isaac Newton*
Your judgment fouk wou'd hae a doubt on,
I'll tak' my aith,
Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on
O' gude Braid Claith.

For condensation of language and ideas, for accuracy of description and truth of detail, for firmness and strength of line, we must go back to Dunbar to find anything in the vernacular like "The Farmer's Ingle."

Whan gloming grey out o'er the welkin keeks, *peeps*
When *Batie* ca's his owsen to the byre, *oxen*
Whan *Thrasher John*, sair dung, his barn-door steeks, *worsted, closes*
And lusty lasses at the dighting tire: *threshing*
What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,
And gars snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain:
Gars dowie mortals look baith blyth and bauld,
Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain.

In another poem, "Auld Reikie," one may discover not only Fergusson's love for his own city but his indignation at the denationalizing of his country.

While dandring cits delight to stray
To Castlehill, or public way,
Whare they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen;
Let me to *Arthur's Seat* pursue,
Whare bonny pastures meet the view;
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting *Willie Shakespeare's* muse.
If fancy there would join the thrang,
The desart rocks and hills amang
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to *Mirth* the lee-lang day.

Or shou'd some canker'd biting show'r
The day an' a' her sweets deflow'r,
To Holyrood-house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld *Scotland* knew,
Bien days for ever frae her view. *plentiful*
O HAMILTON, for shame! the muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
An' gie's our dignity again!
For, O, wae's me! the Thistle springs
In *domicile* o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our *palace*, and our ancient *state*.

In this same poem Fergusson strikes the note that was presently to be heard so frequently in the poetry of Burns, the note of protest against the dullness of Scots religion and the hypocrisy of many of its practitioners. Fergusson was thinking of the Scottish sabbath when he wrote:

On Sunday here, an alter'd scene
O' men and manners meets our ein:
Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es. . . .
But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face. . . .
Why should religion make us sad

If good frae Virtue's to be had?
Na, rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
And never have it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good. *frighten away*

Fergusson knew his Edinburgh as Cockburn and Scott knew theirs; but he had no Henry Mackenzie to act as his sponsor. Perhaps he was partly to blame himself. By remaining a realist and a satirist at a time when sentiment was the fashion and by insisting on writing in the vernacular when men like "Jupiter" Carlyle and Principal Robertson were struggling to rid their prose of the least trace of it, Fergusson missed the way that led to recognition by the literary *élite* of his country. When he was writing there were actually three varieties of English in Scotland: the English English of the nobility, the acquired English of men like Robertson and Carlyle whose native speech was the Scots idiom, and the dialect of the common people who spoke only the vernacular. It is the same in Scotland today. There are in this year of Our Lord 1948 still many people like Dr. James Beattie, author of the harmonious but forgotten *Minstrel*, who believe that the words "vernacular" and "vulgar" are synonymous. It is the endeavour of these people to speak what they believe is "correct" English; they merely succeed, in many instances, in acquiring what Lord Jeffrey was said to speak, a "nippity nippity English." Beattie explained that the main difficulty for Scottish writers was

> to give a vernacular cast to the English we write.... We who live in Scotland are obliged to study English from books like a dead language. Accordingly, when we write, we write it like a dead language, which we understand but cannot speak. Our style is stately and unwieldy, and clogs the tongue in pronunciation, and smells of the lamp. We are slaves to the language we write, and are continually afraid of making gross blunders, and when an easy, familiar idiomatical phrase occurs, dare not adopt it if we recollect no authority, for fear of Scotticisms.... An English author of learning is the master, not the slave of his language, and wields it gracefully because he wields it with ease and with full assurance that he has the command of it.... At Edinburgh it is commonly said by your critical people that Hume, Robertson, etc. write English better than the English themselves: than which in my judgment there cannot be a greater absurdity. I would as soon believe that Thuanus wrote better Latin than Cicero or Caesar, and that Buchanan was a more elegant poet that Virgil or Horace.

Beattie's remedy for Scotticisms was to read Addison, Swift, and Lord Lyttleton, and for the better guidance of his countrymen he and Hume compiled a list of Scotticisms to be avoided. But to little avail. The Scots still speak of "coarse" instead of "bad" weather. They still pay their tailor's "account" instead of his "bill." They still "feel a smell" and ask for "a clean plate." And some of them still feel "no dubiety" while the English have "no doubt." But even if Fergusson had followed the fashionable trend of the times and written his verses in English, it would have made little or no difference; even if he had not written "The Sow of

Feeling," which gave mortal offence to "the Man of Feeling," it still would have made little or no difference. Robert Fergusson was one of those men who do not rise above their own level and who, even if they are appreciated after their death, are never given full and wide credit for their achievement. Yet for a short time he was immensely popular throughout the length and breadth of his native land. One brother poet, "J.S.," wrote:

Is Allan risen frae the deid,
Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,
And by the Muses was decreed
To grace the thistle?
Na; Fergusson's cum in his stead
To blaw the whistle.

John Mayne, who wrote the celebrated "Siller Gun," which was praised by both Burns and Scott, describes the young poet's amazing popularity:

'Twas than, as now, your fame gaed roun'
To sic a pitch thro' ilka toun,
That the postboy cou'd nowther soun'
Nor blaw his horn,
But heeps o' fouk wad him surroun'
Be'teen or morn. . . .

. . . sair we miss our ain braid measure
Sin Rabie die't.

The first volume of Fergusson's poems was published before the close of 1773, but his popularity brought him little exhilaration. Not only was he humble and diffident about his poetic powers, but the fatal cloud of melancholy was already beginning to settle and darken his spirits. The drudgery of the law office, the wretchedness of his home surroundings, the unhealthy nature of his tavern relaxations, the bleak outlook for the future gradually sapped his vital forces and induced his ultimate collapse. In his nervous and debilitated condition he began to brood and become introspective. He regarded the parties he attended as orgies of the worst kind, and he believed that he had committed the blackest sin by attending them. He burned all his manuscripts, and the Bible became his sole companion and consolation. He lamented his "aimless, unstable, mis-spent life" and sank into a state of hopeless religious melancholia. One evening, in one of his saner and more lucid moments, he was persuaded to attend a convivial gathering of his friends from whom he had cut himself off entirely, and as he was leaving for home his foot caught in the stair carpet and he was hurled to the bottom of the steps and severely injured about the head. The shock of this accident completed the tragedy. He became so violent that he had to be committed to the common asylum for the insane. A ruse was employed to get him to go quietly to the "Schelles" (or Cells), as the miserable place overlooking the Grayfriars Cemetery was called, and when he found himself trapped he gave a great cry, which, as his biographer Thomas Sommers tells us, was "answered by shrieks from other wretched captives in the house."

On October 16, 1774, his mother and sister saw him. After greeting them he asked his mother to gather up the ragged bedclothes and sit on them. This she did. Then he turned to his sister and asked:

"Might you not frequently come and sit by me thus—you cannot imagine how comfortable it would be—you might fetch your seam and sew beside me." An interval of silence was filled up with sobs and tears. "What ails ye? Wherefore sorrow for me?" he said. "I am very well cared for here—I do assure you I want for nothing, but it is cold—it is very cold." Again he said, "You know I told you it would come to this at last: yes I told you." The keeper gave a signal for retirement, and his mother and sister rising, he cried, "O, do not go yet, mother! I hope to be soon—Oh, do not go yet—do not leave me."

On the same night Robert Fergusson died. He was buried on October 19, 1774, in the Canongate Cemetery, in the same grave as his father. A few days later a letter arrived from India. It was from a certain John Burnett of Elrick in Aberdeenshire, under whose father William Fergusson had been a clerk in Aberdeen. Burnett's own fortune had been established in India and he wished to do something for the son of his father's old employee. The letter contained a draft for £100 with an urgent invitation that Robert should come to India. Very possibly Burnett had seen a copy of Ruddiman's *Weekly Magazine*, had realized who the poet was, and sent his invitation. But it came too late.

We cannot tell what Robert Fergusson would have given us if he had lived longer. He was a better technician than Allan Ramsay, a greater stylist in the language which Scottish kings had been proud to speak. Yet Fergusson could never have written "A Man's a Man for a' That", or "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Apart from "The Farmer's Ingle," there was nothing that Burns did not do as well as Fergusson. Carlyle underrated him; Burns overrated him. The truth about Fergusson is somewhere between the estimates of these two men. Andrew Lang called attention to his real claims and long neglect when he spoke these words at a Burns anniversary dinner in Edinburgh in 1891. "Some people are inclined to ask— Are we quite sure that we are worshipping the right poet? It is true that there are many poets, and I sometimes yield so far to the suggestion as to think that we might worship some of them a little more than we do. There is FERGUSSON, Burns's master . . . a true poet, but so unfortunate after death as in life, that I doubt if we have a proper critical edition of [him.]"[1]

The reason why Fergusson holds such a lowly place in the esteem of his countrymen is that he was a satirist and not a sentimentalist in an age when sentimentalism was the vogue. Edinburgh was no place for satirists, and Fergusson made the mistake of offending Henry Mackenzie, "the Man

[1]Only one volume of Fergusson's poems appeared during his lifetime—in 1773. A second part was added in 1779. His poems have been reprinted several times, but there is no adequate annotated edition. Nor is there an adequate life. There is an edition by Bruce Dickins (Edinburgh, 1925) and in 1947 A. Law edited *Scots Poems by Robert Fergusson*.

of Feeling," a dangerous man to offend. Burns was a man of feeling; that is one reason why Mackenzie took him up. Burns appealed to Mackenzie's vanity. Had not the "Ayrshire ploughman" worn out two copies already of a pocket edition of *The Man of Feeling*? Had he not written to a friend that his favourite authors were "of the sentimental kind"?

True, Fergusson had written a few things like the "Ode to Pity" and "Retirement," poems touched with sentiment; but he had also ridiculed sentiment and its most influential Scottish practitioner. That finished Fergusson; there was no chance for him of a posthumous paper in the *Mirror* or the *Lounger* or a tardy recognition of his genius. In Mackenzie's eyes he was nothing but a guttersnipe, an ignorant vulgarian who did not know his proper place and had not learned to treat his betters with fitting respect. Even when he was a very old man, hovering "on the very brink of human dissolution," to use Scott's phrase, Mackenzie was unable to forget the insult to his dignity and penned these bitter and libellous words: "Fergusson, dissipated and drunken, died in early life, after having produced poems faithfully and humorously describing scenes of Edinburgh, of festivity and somewhat of blackguardism. Burns['s] . . . great admiration of Fergusson showed his propensity to coarse dissipation."

We can do little now to change matters. Fergusson must be content to be remembered by a minority of his countrymen; but those of them who take the trouble to understand his language can appreciate his humour, his keen observation, his faculty of graphic description, and the undertone of sadness that runs through much of his verse. And it cannot be too often repeated that Fergusson was the poet to whom Burns most gladly acknowledged his indebtedness.

THE PROBLEM OF ALLEGORY IN HAWTHORNE'S *ETHAN BRAND*

RICHARD HARTER FOGLE

IN reading criticism of Hawthorne one is frequently struck with a difficulty, apparent in the work of even his most authoritative commentators.[1] "Hawthorne," his critics say in effect, "was an inveterate allegorist. Allegory is an inferior kind of art. Hawthorne was, however, indubitably a great writer." And there the matter rests, with the implication that Hawthorne might have been greater still if he had chosen a different mode of expression.

This implication may be correct: *if* he had been able to apply his genius otherwise than he did, who knows what results might not have been achieved? But the speculation is a little unrealistic, a trifle barren. Hawthorne without his allegory is hard to imagine. And while the judicial critic may be quite right in regretting that Hawthorne is not Chaucer, or Fielding, or Balzac,[2] to linger too long in regretting is to run the danger of losing sight of his positive achievement. Through over-austerity we may be forced into the awkward position of condemning in theory what we admire in fact.

The difficulty lies, it may be suggested, in over-stringent application of theory, which fails to distinguish between the good and the bad effects of allegory. The allegorical method unquestionably has inherent disadvantages, but it may be maintained that in the hands of a literary artist it possesses advantages as well. Let us consider briefly wherein it is lacking, and conversely where it may be strong.

For the immediate purpose, allegory may be defined as narrative containing at least two continuously corresponding levels. Behind the narrative, which is on the surface a more or less objective representation or imitation of an action, is a consistent set of equivalents, generally abstract ideas, so that the surface-narrative is used to illustrate a religious, moral, or philosophical proposition.

The greatest danger to which allegory as a literary form is liable is that the surface-action may be sacrificed in order to emphasize the underlying meaning, that richness and particularity of representation may yield to the necessity of maintaining consistency in ideas. Characters may be diminished to mere abstract personifications. If, for whatever reason, the author is more interested in the hidden than the actual level, the balance of the two is likely to be upset, and the work loses verisimilitude, interest, and depth as an imitation of life and action.

[1] E.g., Henry James, *Hawthorne* (New York, 1880), 61-3; W. C. Brownell, "Hawthorne," in *American Prose Masters* (New York, 1909), 75-82; Newton Arvin, *Hawthorne* (Boston, 1929), 126-8; F. O. Matthiessen, *American Renaissance* (New York, 1941), 242-312.

[2] See Arvin, *Hawthorne*, 207.

Allegory may become mere ingenious *tour de force*, in which the interest lies in clever but mechanical manipulation of thinly personified abstractions, as in Spenser occasionally, or in the Spenserian "Cave of Spleen" canto of *The Rape of the Lock*. Or, finally, allegory may be turned to non-literary purposes: to the service of predetermined and didactic conclusions, not inherent in the literary object, as in the elaborate medieval allegorical poem, or the modern propaganda-play, which is likely to be a disguised morality.

Allegory, on the other hand, has positive advantages which must in candour be considered. Presumably we all agree that the purpose of creative art is to get at the essential meaning of human character, of natural objects, of actions and processes—and allegory is a method of penetrating to their underlying significance. It is in itself a guarantee of purpose, giving point and reference; it affords a principle to which the action of narrative may be referred, and about which the action may be organized. Skilfully handled, the presence of the allegorical double-layer should mean an added dimension to artistic form, which should please, enrich, and stabilize rather than impoverish and confine.

Allegory, then, may be good as well as bad. The problem is to distinguish. Allegory is good, and a literary mode legitimate like others, it may be said, when it is used artistically, cleansed both of mere artifice and of non-literary didacticism. When the author is able to find in its characteristic method and subject-matter the materials which most arouse his imagination and creative power, when allegory is able to coexist with disinterested love of complex human character and the spontaneous desire to imitate and to represent which is the essential motive of art, this form of expression is permissible, even admirable. When the artist has sold his artistic birthright for a mess of morality, or when he has sacrificed his imagination and creative honesty to elaborate an ingenious abstract design, mechanical rather than organically alive, then allegory ceases to be literature.

Contemporary criticism is frequently prescriptive, and what it prescribes is a method which excludes Hawthorne. The formula most often approved for fiction today is scrupulously objective narration, with overtones of universal meanings too elusive to be actually captured for definition. "Symbolism" is in favour, and "allegory" generally disapproved.[3] This formula, however, like all such rules, ignores the complexity of the real literary situation; the world of literature is divided into various realms, not governed by any universal code, but by laws best corresponding to their individual natures and necessities. A writer, we should recall, must write what is in him; rather than follow a universal and predetermined formula, he must discover for himself the methods by which he can best

[3]See Matthiessen, *American Renaissance*, for full exposition of this point of view. We must not, however, neglect to say that in this book Mr. Matthiessen has written a superb appreciation of Hawthorne's fiction.

express his unique view of life, which is precisely what he has to contribute to literature.

Now Hawthorne, as is well known, habitually saw things allegorically; perception of the equivalence of object and idea was, in harmony with his Puritan heritage, an organic part of his mental make-up. He could not look at a cloud, a fountain, or a cathedral without simultaneously discerning within its shape the emblem of spiritual reality.[4] Furthermore, for Hawthorne the moral meanings of things were inseparable from their aesthetic value and significance; his creative imagination and his moral perceptions are not to be disentwined.

Consequently, the critic who would sternly apply the most prevalent rules of contemporary theory to Hawthorne will lose what is actually to be found in him. His themes are moral: the definition of good, the problem of evil, the various paths on which we wander into the maze of error.[5] But these themes he treats artistically, imaginatively, cleaving to the truth of character and of situation, and judging only the sin itself, never the individual. He faces ethical problems unflinchingly (witness the long martyrdom of Hester Prynne or the disastrous fate of the amiable Donatello) but creatively and without dogmatism. Allegory is his appropriate and inevitable mode, which at his best he employs with exquisite skill to express insights at once intensely valuable and otherwise inaccessible to art.

Hawthorne's small masterpiece *Ethan Brand*, for example, is certainly open to Brownell's stricture: "His subject is always something other than its substance. Everything means something else."[6] But *Ethan Brand* is a moving and powerful tale, and at the same time one that cannot be separated from its allegorical method, or even imagined apart from it. It is to a very large extent to the elaborate correspondences of the physical and spiritual, the intricate relationships set up between object and idea, that we must look for its meaning and value.

In *Ethan Brand*, the story of the Unpardonable Sin, almost everything—characters, action, setting, and imagery—can be accounted for in terms of an ulterior meaning, and this surely without pushing ingenuity beyond the author's intention. The important characters are on four levels, each level representing a different relationship with an implied norm of spiritual perfection—four aspects of the human spirit. The action is simple, even bare. The hero of the tale has sought the world over for the Unpardonable Sin, only to find it at last in his own breast. He returns to the place where his quest began, to the lime-kiln beside which the conception of the Unpardonable Sin first came upon him, in lonely vigils tending the fire. His mission completed, he fulfils his already matured purpose of flinging himself into the burning lime-pit. The setting is precisely calculated as a stage for the drama—a lonely hillside, forest-surrounded, with the lime-kiln

[4]See especially Yvor Winters, "Hawthorne," in *Maule's Curse* (Norfolk, Conn., 1938).
[5]See Newton Arvin, *Hawthorne's Short Stories* (New York, 1946), xvi.
[6]*American Prose Masters*, 77.

as its centre. The principal action takes place at night, in darkness shot through with lurid red from the furnace of the kiln.

The characters, as in a morality, represent varying degrees of spiritual perfection, diverging to a greater or less extent from an implicit ideal of perfect spiritual harmony, or, in theological terms, a state of grace. Ethan Brand is of course immeasurably farthest from the norm. This man, once "simple and loving," has sinned from enormous, almost inconceivable spiritual pride, which has alienated him from God and man. The Unpardonable Sin might be said to lie in the search for the Unpardonable Sin, an impiety so monstrous as to shake the cosmos. Ethan Brand has sought to become even as the gods, knowing alike of good and evil, and is fittingly punished for his presumption. He has "lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity." His intellect has come "to stand on a star-lit eminence, whither the philosophers of the earth . . . might vainly strive to clamber after him"; but his heart has correspondingly atrophied. It has "ceased to partake of the universal throb." Through pride he has gained knowledge without love and desecrated the temple of the human spirit by cold and prying intellectual analysis.[7]

Bartram the lime-burner, the present incumbent at the lime-kiln, is a dull and heavy clod with little of either intellect or heart. Still he is closer to the human centre than is Ethan Brand, chiefly, one would suspect, because he lacks the impetus to depart from it. He is Ethan's foil, scornful, awed despite himself at the stupendous Unpardonable Sin, yet uncomprehending.

Bartram calls from the nearby village three old companions of Ethan Brand, to view as a spectacle the Unpardonable Sin and the Sinner. These village worthies are more complex and densely portrayed than the simple and obtuse lime-burner.[8] They are all specimens of mutilated and incomplete humanity, debased by habitual intemperance, but they have not, like Brand, wholly lost hold of the "magnetic chain." The first, a stage-agent, is somewhat faintly drawn, but he has about him a pervasive flavour and geniality, which perhaps come mainly from brandy-toddy and tobacco-smoke.[9] The second, "Lawyer Giles," has drowned his career in liquor, until from a thriving attorney he has at length become "a soap-boiler, in a small way." Physically as well as mentally he "had come to be but the fragment of a human being, a part of one foot having been chopped off by an axe, and an entire hand torn away by the devilish grip of a steam-

[7]See his scornful remark to his old companions, "Years and years ago, I groped into your hearts and found nothing there for my purpose." He had also made a girl "the subject of a psychological experiment, and wasted, absorbed, and perhaps annihilated her soul, in the process." For full discussion of the nature of the Unpardonable Sin see Matthiessen, *American Renaissance*, 342 ff.; also Randall Stewart, *The American Notebooks by Nathaniel Hawthorne* (New Haven, 1932), lxxii-lxxvi (hereafter referred to as Stewart, *American Notebooks*).

[8]They are drawn from life, whereas Bartram is not. See Stewart, *American Notebooks*, 34-68, for the experience and observation from which *Ethan Brand* is drawn.

[9]This suggestion contains the characteristic Hawthorne ambiguity, or apparent suspension of judgment, for which see my "Ambiguity and Clarity in Hawthorne's 'Young Goodman Brown' " (*New England Quarterly*, XVIII, Dec., 1945, 448-65).

engine." Despite his misfortunes, however, he is not utterly lost, having "kept up the courage and spirit of a man, asked nothing in charity, and . . . fought a stern battle against want and hostile circumstances."

The third worthy is the village doctor, "a purple-visaged, rude, and brutal, yet half-gentlemanly figure, with something wild, ruined, and desperate in his talk." Like Lawyer Giles, the doctor has come close to destroying himself by liquor, "but there was supposed to be in him such wonderful skill, such native gifts of healing . . . that society caught hold of him, and would not let him sink out of its reach."[10] These three men, in short, are profligates and sinners, but human sinners who still maintain a connection with society. By Brand they are despised as "brute beasts, that have made yourselves so, shrivelling up your souls with fiery liquors"; but their weakness is less poisonous to the spirit than is his blighting strength.

Hawthorne comes closest to the ideal of spiritual grace in the figure of Bartram's son little Joe, a timid and shrinking child. Little Joe is a kind of ideal observer, persistently contrasted to the persistently obtuse Bartram. Through his eyes Hawthorne presents the true interpretation of the action. Like Ethan Brand, he sees deep within men's hearts, but by sympathy and love. Brand violates the human spirit by prying into its secrets by the agency of the cold, analytical intellect; little Joe apprehends it intuitively by being himself in harmony with it. At the commencement of the story the cloddish Bartram mistakes the ghastly laughter of Brand for the merry tones of a convivial drunkard, but the boy instantly senses something jarring and out of key. Again, when Ethan offers to tend the fire till morning it is little Joe who understands. "As the boy followed his father into the hut, he looked back at the wayfarer, and the tears came into his eyes, for his tender spirit had an intuition of the bleak and terrible loneliness in which this man had enveloped himself."

The action of the tale is relatively bare and simple, although there are unexplained overtones. It falls into three separate scenes.[11] In the first, Ethan Brand appears at the lime-kiln, heralded by the boom of his uncanny laugh, and identifies himself to Bartram and his son. The second scene is initiated by the entrance of the three village worthies, who are presently followed by a curious crowd of young men and girls. With them comes a travelling showman, "the Jew of Nuremberg," in the hope of making a profit from this fortuitous gathering by exhibiting his diorama. It is apparent that he and Ethan Brand are linked in some occult and unhallowed relationship, the nature of which is not fully explained. After a time the villagers and the showman withdraw, and Brand proposes to watch by the

[10]In the self-destruction of these men lies an implicit indictment of the American village society which offered no better employment for their powers. The doctor in particular suggests a later and more explicit attack upon the values of the American small town, Willa Cather's short story "The Sculptor's Funeral," in *Youth and the Bright Medusa* (New York, 1920).

[11]For this observation I am indebted to Leland Schubert, *Hawthorne, the Artist* (Chapel Hill, 1944), 27. My intervals of division differ from his, however.

fire till morning. Left to himself, he ascends to the top of the lime-kiln, and we see him at the climax of the tale in the act of flinging himself into the fire below.

The point of view then shifts transitionally to the sleeping lime-burner and his son, whose dreams are troubled by vague intimations of the catastrophe. "That night the sound of a fearful peal of laughter rolled heavily through the sleep of the lime-burner and his little son; dim shapes of horror and anguish haunted their dreams, and seemed still present in the rude hovel, when they opened their eyes to the daylight." The final scene commences with the new day, in which all nature and humanity seem to rejoice as if at the removal of some terrible threat. Brand has disappeared, but the lime-burner finds amid his newly-finished lime a human skeleton, with the heart strangely converted to lime as if it had been marble. As the story ends, Bartram lifts his pole and crumbles the skeleton of Brand to bits.

All that happens is designed simply to provide a framework for the hero's symbolic self-destruction, to supply the act with an environment. Hawthorne is primarily interested in the Unpardonable Sin and its results, and action, character, and setting are all devised to show it forth fully. Brand has completed the full circle, in actuality and in spirit. He has sought the world over, and in one direction he has explored human nature to its uttermost reaches. Ironically, and travelling circlewise, he finds his end in his beginning. The Sin is in himself. Thus his spiritual and his physical journeys precisely coincide, and with inescapable logic he returns to his point of departure, the spot where the Sin was conceived. Logically also, his mission fulfilled and with it his isolation from humanity consummated, nothing remains but to die—a death emblematic of total separation.

If allegory is artistically invalid, then *Ethan Brand* is clearly unacceptable. But it may be maintained, here as elsewhere in Hawthorne, that the method is justified by the result. There is, for instance, much pleasure to be had from tracing out the methods by which everything is directed toward the centre and crisis of the Unpardonable Sin.

Most prominent, perhaps, of the devices which bind the tale together are the recurrent references to the laugh by which Brand wordlessly expresses at once his unspeakable isolation and the irony of his successful search. This laughter, slow, heavy, and mirthless, precedes the first entrance of Brand. A little later, when Bartram inquires where the Unpardonable Sin may be, it is heard again.

> Ethan Brand laid his finger on his own heart.
> "Here!" replied he.
> And then, without mirth in his countenance, but as if moved by an involuntary recognition of the infinite absurdity of seeking throughout the world for what was the closest of all things to himself, and looking into every heart, save his own, for what was hidden in no other breast, he broke into a laugh of scorn.

Brand laughs again at the spectacle of a dog chasing his tail, as the Jew finishes his exhibition. .

. . . moved, it might be, by a perception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of this self-pursuing cur, he broke into the awful laugh, which, more than any other token, expressed the condition of his inward being. From that moment, the merriment of the party was at an end; they stood aghast, dreading lest the inauspicious sound should be reverberated around the horizon, and that mountain would thunder it to mountain, and so the horror be prolonged upon their ears.

The laugh tolls out for the last time in the dreams of the lime-burner and his son—Brand's final knell, filled with irony, irreconcilable defiance, and the sense of unending isolation from the ordered worlds of gods and men. And the implications of this culminating outburst borrow power and spaciousness from the recurring waves of wild sound throughout the tale, infrequent but regular and emphatic.

Hawthorne also employs foreshadowing to focus attention upon his *dénouement*, the self-destruction of the Unpardonable Sin. In introducing the all-important lime-kiln he remarks that it "was in nothing changed since he [Brand] *had thrown his dark thoughts into the intense glow of its furnace*"[12]—a faint, clear rumbling which warns of the final crash. Again, as Ethan Brand for the first time advances into the light of the furnace-fire, "he fixed his eyes—*which were very bright—intently upon the brightness of the furnace*, as if he beheld, or expected to behold, some object worthy of note within it."[13] A little later the kinship of Brand and the fire recurs in a reference to his "deeply sunken eyes, which *gleamed like fires* within the entrance of a mysterious cavern."[14]

The prefigurement[15] is still more definite when Brand bends forward to stir the coals, and gazes into the fire. "The lime-burner sat watching him, and half suspected his strange guest of a purpose, if not to evoke a fiend, at least to plunge bodily into the flames, and thus vanish from the sight of man." Further on, when the Jew of Nuremberg obscurely alludes to the Unpardonable Sin, Brand sternly bids him, "Peace, . . . or get thee into the furnace yonder!" As with the laughter, this rhythmic, recurrent beat carries us powerfully forward to the inevitable end.

The setting and visual imagery of the story are in the same fashion

[12]These and the following italics are mine.

[13]Mr. Stewart points out (*American Notebooks*, lii, liv) Hawthorne's use of glaring eyes to denote an inward evil, in *The Scarlet Letter*, in the "glare of red light" emitted from Chillingworth's eyes, and in Judge Pyncheon of *The House of the Seven Gables*. See also Matthiessen, *American Renaissance*, 306.

[14]Cf. Hawthorne's notation in the *American Notebooks:* "The human heart to be allegorized as a cavern; at the entrance there is sunshine, and flowers growing about it. You step within, but a short distance, and begin to find yourself surrounded with a terrible gloom, and monsters of divers kinds; it seems like Hell itself. . . ." The passage concludes on a more cheerful note: ". . . the gloom and terror may lie deep, but deeper still is the eternal beauty." (Stewart, *American Notebooks*, 98.)

[15]The term is taken from Schubert, to whom my discussion of the laugh and foreshadowing is largely in debt. See *Hawthorne, the Artist*, 88-9, 117-19.

contrived to serve the ends of abstract allegory. First of all, Hawthorne maintains complete unity of place. The lime-kiln is the centre of the action, and we nowhere depart from it. It is described with a solidity and sharpness of outline unusual in Hawthorne, while its spiritual dimension is suggested also. "With the smoke and jets of flame issuing from the chinks and crevices of this door, which seemed to give admittance into the hillside, it resembled nothing so much as the private entrance to the infernal regions, which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains were accustomed to show to pilgrims."

About the lime-kiln, the centre of our interest, are two spheres or concentric circles of vision. The first is the area of action, which the fierce firelight can reach and illumine when the furnace-door is open. The outer sphere is the region of dark and the unknown, encircling and cutting off the narrower realm of fire and thus bringing it into sharp emphasis and relief. The simple symmetry of this design is complicated by the occasional shutting of the furnace-door, so that the inner circle is at times partially darkened, denoting, it may be found upon examination, a momentary slackening of action or emotional pitch. The definiteness of composition and vivid, though generalized, visual imagery of Hawthorne's scene are evident in an early passage.

> At frequent intervals, he flung back the clashing weight of the iron door, and, turning his face from the insufferable glare, thrust in huge logs of oak, or stirred the immense brands with a long pole. Within the furnace were seen the curling and riotous flames, and the burning marble, almost molten with the intensity of heat; while without, the reflection of the fire quivered on the dark intricacy of the surrounding forest, and showed in the foreground a bright and ruddy little picture of the hut, the spring beside its door, the athletic and coal-begrimed figure of the lime-burner, and the half-frightened child, shrinking into the protection of his father's shadow.

The firelight is further employed at appropriate moments to fix attention upon the face of Brand, the visible symbol of the Unpardonable Sin. Upon his first appearance, "to obtain a distincter view, Bartram threw open the iron door of the kiln, whence immediately issued a gush of fierce light, that smote full upon the stranger's face and figure." Again, Brand "bent forward to gaze into the hollow prison-house of the fire, regardless of the fierce glow that reddened upon his face." And at the tale's climax, as Brand stands with upraised arms on the top of the kiln in the act of throwing himself into the fire, "the blue flames played upon his face, and imparted the wild and ghastly light which alone could have suited its expression; it was that of a fiend on the verge of plunging into his gulf of intensest torment."

The last act of the drama of the Unpardonable Sin is thus played out against a *décor* of red and black, the appropriateness of which is sufficiently obvious. But there are other and contrasting colours. Ethan Brand is a

creature of extremes; he moves without a pause from dark to the fierce light of the fire. Little Joe, however, as befits his nature, is at home among tenderer hues, whereas he shrinks into the background when Brand takes the stage. As the embodiment of human love and sympathy, he is accompanied by moonlight and afterglow, lovely but of little power against the night, the darkness and fire of the Unpardonable Sin: ". . . then reappeared the tender light of the half-full moon, which vainly strove to trace out the indistinct shapes of the neighboring mountains; and, in the upper sky, there was a flitting congregation of clouds, still faintly tinged with the rosy sunset. . . ." This is early in the night and in the tale; as the atmosphere of the Unpardonable Sin grows more pervasive, sunset and moonglow appear no more.

This symbolic contrast[16] is more apparent in the final scene, the morning after the tragedy, when Earth seems to rejoice at casting off an intolerable weight, a feeling shared by the sensitive child:

> The early sunshine was already pouring its gold upon the mountain-tops; and though the valleys were still in shadow, they smiled cheerfully in the promise of the bright day that was hastening onward. The village, completely shut in by hills, which swelled away gently about it, looked as if it had rested peacefully in the hollow of the great hand of Providence. . . . Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills, and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in air, it seemed almost as if a mortal man might thus ascend into the heavenly regions.

To this cheerful morning scene the final and humanizing touch is added by the distant notes of a horn:

> Echo caught up the notes. . . . The great hills played a concert among themselves, each contributing a strain of airy sweetness.[17]
> Little Joe's face brightened at once.
> "Dear father," cried he, skipping cheerily to and fro, "that strange man is gone, and the sky and the mountains all seem glad of it!"

It is as if the human and spiritual norm were re-established, the power of the night and evil overpast—for the moment, at least. The immense and tragic figure of Brand is gone from the scene, and as in Shakespeare we have tragic reconciliation, with the disturbed cosmos once more tranquillized.

Thus allegory, in which "everything means something else," is a form in which the spiritual and the physical are conjoined and almost every concrete particular evokes its accompanying abstraction. The skilful overcoming of the problems which systematic allegory entails, the organization of intricate detail around a central conception, is in itself a positive value. Admittedly allegory may at times fall into thinness, lack

[16]Pointed out by Schubert, *Hawthorne, the Artist.* Mr. Schubert confines himself, however, to the structural effect.

[17]Compare with this passage the earlier dread of the company lest the laugh of Brand be "reverberated around the horizon, and that mountain would thunder it to mountain, and so the horror be prolonged upon their ears."

of reality, or conclusions too easily achieved. But surely we should hesitate in too rigidly condemning the *genre* of allegory, for fear of losing sight of its results in skilful hands.

In *Ethan Brand* these results are notable. The tale possesses dramatic and emotional intensity; it provides the illusion of complex reality necessary to ensure the suspension of our disbelief; and it contains in addition a profound and noble depth, the pure and tragic seriousness of Hawthorne at his best. In the somewhat pontifical words of Brownell, "Allegory justifies itself when the fiction is the fact and the moral the induction."[18] Henry James declares that "the only case in which it is endurable is when it is extremely spontaneous, when the analogy presents itself with eager promptitude."[19] This imaginative spontaneity is achieved, I think, in *Ethan Brand.*

In it Hawthorne escapes the crippling disabilities of too-consistent and mechanical allegory by two principal means, by clear and vivid projection of his imaginal symbols, particularly the lime-kiln, and by skilfully hinted complexity of character. A majority of the persons of the tale are complex in themselves, and their interrelationships are still more so. A third and slighter factor is the poetry of superstition and mystery imported into the story in the figure of the travelling showman, the Jew of Nuremberg.

The lime-kiln, the central property of the plot, is from direct observation.[20] Hawthorne realizes it solidly in his description.

> It was a rude, round, tower-like structure, about twenty feet high, heavily built of rough stones, and with a hillock of earth heaped about the larger part of its circumference; so that the blocks and fragments of marble might be drawn by cart-loads, and thrown in at the top. There was an opening at the bottom of the tower, like an oven-mouth, but large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture, and provided with a massive iron door. With the smoke and jets of flame issuing from the chinks and crevices of this door, which seemed to give admittance into the hillside, it resembled nothing so much as the private entrance to the infernal regions, which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains were accustomed to show to pilgrims.

Here the concrete actual predominates, with allegory unobtrusively introduced in a graceful and casual-seeming allusion. Hawthorne goes on to root his symbol firmly in time and place, to give it a kind of historical patina, a feat which he achieves with a deceptive air of relaxed ease.

Most of the characters of the tale possess at least the illusion of three-dimensional solidity, especially the three village worthies with their complex intermixture of evil and good, along with a certain feeling of the time and spiritual wear which has produced them. With this complexity comes the still more important matter of the interrelationships of character in *Ethan Brand*, which soften and enrich the firm outlines of the allegory. It would

[18] *American Prose Masters*, 76.
[19] *Hawthorne*, 62.
[20] See Stewart, *American Notebooks*, 66-7.

be merely obscurantist to make difficulties in interpreting the general meaning of the story. Its hero has sinned through inordinate and inhuman pride of intellect, and he receives a fitting punishment. But within the broad design there is human uncertainty, flexibility of relationship, ambiguity of emphasis. Hawthorne is Christian in loving the sinner while he hates the sin; he has, it may be, put too much of himself into Ethan Brand to view him with complete disfavour. He is not minatory; despite the moral he does not himself occupy the seat of judgment. Ethan Brand, while utterly lost and by his own choice cast away, is frequently more admirable than the inferior sinners about him, who have not entirely lost hold of the magnetic chain.

It is, for example, impossible not to sympathize with Brand when he returns to his native village, an artist of the perverse, but an artist. Ironically enough, the import of his burden is totally beyond the comprehension of all but little Joe, who perceives it intuitively. Brand is for the most part beaten by the crass, dull Philistinism of the village, which even the spectacle of the Unpardonable Sin fails to impress beyond a momentary superstitious dread.

At times, then, we participate with Brand in his encounters with the duller normal, and it is Hawthorne's intention that we should. He underlines the brutishness of Bartram, Ethan's foil, with persistent iteration. Bartram is first introduced to us as "a rough, heavy-looking man." A few paragraphs later he becomes an "obtuse middle-aged clown." After remarking that the business of tending the fire is a lonesome, "and, when the character is inclined to thought, may be an intensely thoughtful occupation," Hawthorne tells us that Bartram "troubled himself with no thoughts save the very few that were requisite to his business." Furthermore, the lime-burner at the outset ludicrously misapprehends the purport of the dreadful laugh, and a few moments later with indecent callousness orders his son to "scamper down to the tavern in the village, and tell the jolly fellows there that Ethan Brand has come back, and that he has found the Unpardonable Sin!"[21]

The "jolly fellows," when they appear, show the same ironic incomprehension.

These three worthies pressed forward, and greeted Ethan Brand each after his own fashion, earnestly inviting him to partake of the contents of a certain black bottle, in which, as they averred, he would find something far better worth seeking for than the Unpardonable Sin.[22] No mind, which has wrought itself by intense and solitary meditation into a high state of enthusiasm, can endure the kind of contact with low and vulgar modes of thought and feeling to which Ethan Brand was now subjected. It made him doubt—and, strange to say, it was a painful doubt—whether he had

[21]In candour it must be added that Bartram is partly motivated by dread of being alone with Brand.

[22]If the comment may be permitted, this touch is an instance of perfect fusion of the two planes of the allegory. The invitation is symbolic, but at the same time wholly human and natural, arising logically from the actual circumstances.

indeed found the Unpardonable Sin, and found it within himself. The whole question on which he had exhausted life, and more than life, looked like a delusion.

Surely our feelings—and Hawthorne's—are here on the side of Brand. The pattern is completed as the drunken doctor jeers at him: "You have no more found the Unpardonable Sin than yonder boy Joe has. You are but a crazy fellow,—I told you so twenty years ago,—neither better nor worse than a crazy fellow. . . !"

In the conclusion the complete insensitivity of Bartram evokes this same reaction.

> The marble was all burnt into perfect, snow-white lime. But on its surface, in the midst of the circle,—snow-white too, and thoroughly converted into lime,—lay a human skeleton, in the attitude of a person who, after long toil, lies down to long repose. Within the ribs—strange to say—was the shape of a human heart.
> "Was the fellow's heart made of marble?" cried Bartram, in some perplexity at this phenomenon. "At any rate, it is burnt into what looks like special good lime; and taking all the bones together, my kiln is half a bushel the richer for him."
> So saying, the rude lime-burner lifted his pole, and, letting it fall upon the skeleton, the relics of Ethan Brand were crumpled into fragments.

This is without doubt in part an ironic and moralistic reflection of Hawthorne's—*vanitas vanitatum*, this is the end of pride and misguided ambition—but it is also a reflection upon the thick-pelted lime-burner.[23]

The significance of *Ethan Brand* is not, then, simply in the praise of the normal, for in this instance the normal is not always attractive; it will not bear the burden of a simple meaning. Little Joe, of course, represents the ideal, but he is too slight and faintly drawn to be fully convincing. He is a child and an observer only, and his perfection is too fortuitous and insecure to counterbalance the weight of the demoniac Brand. Fully to realize the good a larger, more substantial character would be necessary, and one who held his virtue upon a more certain tenure.

This hinted ambivalence of character-relationship, it must be re-emphasized, is not a defect but an essential quality of the tale. By its agency the stiffness, the priggish over-certainty which threaten allegory are overcome. It is an element of flexibility and variety, by means of which Hawthorne is enabled to do justice to the complex situations, to the difficulties, with which the confused and various actuality confronts us. By its use he escapes the invidious position of the puppet-master, and gives his characters the appearance of autonomy of action. Through it he is able to

[23]The complexity of Hawthorne's attitude is still more evident if we note the parallels of the Bartram-Brand relationship in other tales. Bartram represents the "physical" opposed to the "idealist," as Aminadab is opposed to Aylmer in "The Birthmark," and the blacksmith Robert Danforth to Owen Warland in "The Artist of the Beautiful" (see Stewart, *American Notebooks*, xliv-xlvi). Cf. also the end of "Rappaccini's Daughter," in which the cynical Baglioni triumphs and the daring experiment of Rappaccini tragically fails.

remain true to art and imagination while dealing with a moral theme.[24] For in *Ethan Brand* he tells us, not "Be good, or suffer the consequences," but rather, "This is what must happen under these circumstances," and "Here but for the grace of God go I." Character is allowed free play, and the potentialities of the situation given room to develop.

Ambiguity and a certain unexpectedness which relieve the severity of the moral are enhanced by a deliberate poetic mysteriousness in some particulars. The outer ring of darkness in the forest hints at the unknown, beyond the limits of moral certainty, in contrast to the fierce light of the inner circle. Added to this is the effect of the alternate opening and closing of the furnace-door, by which as it were the clear moral vision is at intervals obscured and misled. There is a touch, too, in the showman's exhibition which artfully hints at uncertainty, at unexploited ambiguity of action. First, Hawthorne describes the distorted view of the showman's hand amid his pictures: "Some purported to be cities, public edifices, and ruined castles in Europe; others represented Napoleon's battles and Nelson's sea-fights; and in the midst of these would be seen a gigantic, brown, hairy hand,—which might have been mistaken for the Hand of Destiny, though, in truth, it was only the showman's. . . ." This effect is repeated as little Joe puts his head into the box. "Viewed through the magnifying-glasses, the boy's round, rosy visage assumed the strangest imaginable aspect of an immense Titanic child, the mouth grinning broadly, and the eyes and every other feature overflowing with fun at the joke." A quick shift follows, as the child sees the eye of Ethan Brand watching him through the glass and turns pale with horror.

The figure of the showman has a dim, poetic picturesqueness which opens the way to a new dimension in the tale, a warmly fantastic vista of superstition and legend, sanctioned and humanized by long and widespread use. On one side he is Ethan Brand's familiar spirit, according to local belief a demon who lived amid "the intensest element of fire" in the lime-kiln furnace. He is also, however, the Wandering Jew, and brings with him the fascination and power of myth and legend.[25] Allegorically speaking, he is another aspect of Brand himself, the Unpardonable Sin vulgarized and brought within the limits of popular comprehension, but invested with a poetry and warmth which are lacking to the icy and absolute purity of the Sin.[26]

It may be asserted, then, from examination of *Ethan Brand*, that the method of allegory is sometimes productive of excellent results. Agreed that allegory is beset by inherent dangers and disabilities; still, what

[24]Cf. Henry James: "He combined in a singular degree the spontaneity of the imagination with a haunting care for moral problems. Man's conscience was his theme, but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy . . . ." (*Hawthorne*, 177.)

[25]For the identification of the showman with the Wandering Jew see Neal Frank Doubleday, "Hawthorne's Use of Three Gothic Patterns" (*College English*, VII, Feb., 1946, 258).

[26]Brand himself has resemblances to the Wandering Jew, being like him condemned to wandering and perpetual isolation through his own impiety.

counts is not the expedient but the concrete achievement, and in the hands of a master the achievement can be exquisitely successful. In ***Ethan Brand*** Hawthorne has written an impressive allegory, valuable in itself for its noble seriousness of theme, and for its careful and artistic arrangement of intricate detail about the magnetic pole of an abstract conception. And to this he has added the rich complexity of the actual, ordered and given meaning, but in no way slighted.

REVIEWS

BLAKE AS TEACHER AND CRITIC*

HELEN W. RANDALL

"The best way to approach Blake," Professor Frye has said (*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, January, 1947), "is to surrender unconditionally to Blake's own terms." Farther on in this review of Professor Mark Schorer's *William Blake: The Politics of Vision* and Mr. Alfred Kazin's *The Portable Blake*, he speaks of certain limitations he finds in these books as the "result of a defective method, a reluctance to come to grips with the whole Blake because of a fear that Blake is not intelligent enough to withstand exhaustive scrutiny." We should thus expect Professor Frye's *Fearful Symmetry: A Study of William Blake*, which was then in press, to offer an exhaustive analysis and to hold scrupulously to Blake's terms; we should also expect him to have no reservations about Blake's intelligence. These expectations are abundantly fulfilled. To a degree that is little short of miraculous, the author holds his argument within the intellectual processes of his subject, even though the argument sometimes encompasses traditional literature of which Blake may have had only a glimmering notion and contemporary literature of which he could have had no notion at all. *Fearful Symmetry* is not open to the charge of F. L. Lucas' possibly unfair criticism of I. A. Richards: "*Coleridge on Imagination* contains, I feel, a certain amount of imagination on Coleridge." *Fearful Symmetry* contains a good deal of imagination, but it is Blake's imagination surprisingly and authentically working through Professor Frye. Nor is this statement as chimerical as it may sound; its meaning, or something like it, is an integral part of the main argument which the book advances. For the author contends that Blake offers the key to "a lost art of reading poetry," a "doctrine that all symbolism in all art and all religion is mutually intelligible among all men, and that there is such a thing as an iconography of the imagination." Once one has mastered the difficult "grammar" of this iconography, as Blake taught it, one can read the *Prose Edda*, the Bible, Chaucer, and Milton as Blake did, or Keats, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Joyce as he would have done. By the same token, Professor Frye can give us Blake's reading of Blake and (so far as he chooses) all other literature as well.

Unconditional surrender to the terms of Blake means that the critic must proceed according to Blake's theories of knowledge, religion, ethics and politics, painting, and poetry; and these subjects are presented, as critical premises, in the first five chapters of the book. The account begins with Blake's rejection of Locke: his "cloven fiction" of separated subject and object, his preference for abstraction over perception, and his acceptance of the mediocrity as the criterion of reality. The opening chapter is entitled "The Case against Locke," but where the historian of ideas

**Fearful Symmetry: A Study of William Blake.* By NORTHROP FRYE. Princeton: Princeton University Press [Toronto: Saunders]. 1947. Pp. vii, 462. ($6.00)

would have given at least a summary account of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, Professor Frye gives only a bare skeletal account of that which is not Blake (i.e., that which is not perception, vision, unity of subject-object, creation, synthesis, genius). Since he is presenting Blake's reading of Locke, however, this "skeleton" takes on flesh and blood as the book progresses, signifying a "consolidation" of the error that is to be cast out. The "cloven fiction," for example, is incrementally repeated in connection with deism, tyranny and mob rule, artistic imitation, and "false" allegory in the four succeeding chapters, turns up significantly in the interpretation of Blake's poetry, and is most fully expressed as the "lower" half of the doctrine of analogy which is implicit in the last of the Prophecies, *Jerusalem*. Since everything in Blake goes back to his theory of knowledge and, consequently, to the "unholy trinity" of Bacon-Locke-Newton which is not his theory of knowledge, Professor Frye relentlessly insists that we recognize these things whenever they turn up and however many times.

But more important than the epistemology is the knowledge which the epistemology allows and, in spite of religion, ethics, and politics (which are given relatively short shrift in the succeeding chapters), the crucial development comes when the theory of knowledge is advanced to the plane of a theory of art. Every reader of Blake knows that for him art is the supreme reality, but not every critic has been willing to admit that for him art incorporates the whole of reality. History, religion, philosophy, and science are the raw materials of art and have meaning only when their forms are perceived and created by imaginative synthesis. The single work of art is "one of an infinity of mental syntheses," the greatest of which come closest to offering a total vision of human life, and the aggregate of which is the Word of God. It is by yielding to Blake completely on this point that Professor Frye is able to present Blake's work as a unified and coherent whole and to relate it in an illuminating way to other great works. "Wisdom is the application of the imaginative vision taught us by art. . . . The wise man has a pattern or image of reality in his mind into which everything he knows fits, and into which everything he does not know could fit. . . ." Because Blake applied an imaginative vision learned from art, his wisdom is identical with that of the art which directed his vision in the first place. (In this sense, Blake is a highly traditional poet.) Because he took his learning thus seriously, he is perhaps primarily a teacher of literary interpretation in terms of its universal and contemporary, if never its accepted historical, significance. (The author does not say quite this, but one closes the book thinking so.) Finally, because Professor Frye has learned from Blake the "pattern or image of reality," everything in his book fits into that pattern, with the result that *Fearful Symmetry* has the logical coherence of a mathematical demonstration.

As the "pattern of reality" is clearly and intelligibly elaborated in the chapters on Blake's poetry, however, one becomes increasingly aware of

an apparent contradiction between a theory of imaginative synthesis and a practice of diagrammatic abstraction which may imply a fundamental paradox in Blake. Professor Frye remarks several times upon the fact that the characters "are more ideographic than they should be in a work of art" and attributes it in part to the self-consciousness of the poet who is living in an antagonistic age. Considering that for Blake any anatomy is "horrible, ghast, and deadly," the following summary statement of his achievement raises a hard question to answer: "One looks in a poet for what is there, and what is there in Blake is a dialectic, an anatomy of poetry, a rigorously unified vision of the essential forms of the creative mind, piercing through its features to its articulate bones." Whatever the solution, Professor Frye's brilliant exposition of the developing diagrammatic forms of the Prophecies and of the whole formal pattern of the engraved canon is a superb piece of symbolical and anagogical interpretation. Since anything much short of the lucid four hundred odd pages of this book would be a distortion of the meaning, I will not attempt a summary of it. I will say only that the reader of Blake who is familiar with other criticism may particularly welcome the delicately "prophetic" reading of the *Poetical Sketches;* the skilful elucidation of the *Island in the Moon;* the description of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* as an epilogue to the Golden Age of English satire; the reduction of the Minor Prophecies to the single but complex and shifting pattern of the Orc cycle; the explanation of Blake's failure to complete *The Four Zoas* and put it into the canon; and the brilliant readings of *Milton* and *Jerusalem* in their Miltonic and biblical relations and in their relation to each other. But all these things are subordinated to the exposition of the "fearful symmetry" of the whole vision.

So far, one cannot quarrel with what the author has done. If his aim was to translate Blake for the purpose of enlarging the reader's comprehension, and the bulk of the book *is* Blake so translated, one can judge only the qualities of the translation or the worthiness of the original to be translated at all. Even when it is a question of the larger outline of the argument—the involvement of all art in the archetypal pattern of creation, fall, redemption, and apocalypse, of which the Bible, considered as a single work of art, is the greatest testament, but of which all great art is either episodically or comprehensively a revelation—even then it is the poet and not his critic who is speaking. But in the last few pages of his book Professor Frye proposes a general application of an allegorical approach to poetry, according to which the archetypal vision would provide the context in which all poems are to be read. The fact that his own Blakean reading, not only of the Bible and Milton but of such other writers as Langland, Shakespeare, Swift, and Keats, has given him and the reader interesting and fresh insights, does a good deal to support his stand. There is, indeed, so much good incidental criticism of general literature in this volume that it should appeal strongly to readers who lack interest in Blake; and the

extra-Blakean allusions further serve to leaven the sometimes difficult exegesis of Blake's own work. Still, the concluding proposition, attractive though it is in many ways, is too sweeping to command a general acceptance. The thought of discovering or framing Blakean symmetries for all literature does indeed present a "fearful" aspect. Yet it should be underscored that this extension of Blake is presented only in the final few pages. The reader may continue to think that, in the department of allegorical poetry, Blake himself is "a better teacher than Aquinas" and Spenser, and that *Fearful Symmetry* is a sound and solid vade-mecum of his teaching.

IN MEMORIAM GERHART HAUPTMANN (1862-1946)* S. D. Stirk

The excellent little book on *Gerhart Hauptmann the Silesian* was first published by the Schlesien-Verlag in Breslau in 1942. Voigt wrote it as his own personal present for Hauptmann's eightieth birthday; and Hauptmann repeatedly expressed his pleasure and gratitude. The addition of a chapter on Hauptmann's last days and death at his home in Agnetendorf has transformed the happy birthday present into a sad memorial essay. The expansion of Poland westwards as far as the Oder-Neisse line has also given it the quality of a tribute to the memory of German Silesia. Like Hauptmann, Voigt is a Silesian in his very bones, and proud of it. This fact, together with his long and close association with Hauptmann, and his pre-eminent position in the small but faithful band of German Hauptmann scholars, qualified him better than anyone else to write on this theme.

Josef Nadler's frequently quoted assertion, in his article "Schlesische Mächte" (*Preussische Jahrbücher*, 1922), that Hauptmann's family came originally from Bohemia is now known to be false. The genealogical table prepared by Edmund Glaeser for the *Festschrift der Provinz Schlesien*, the finely produced symposium published by the Schlesien-Verlag in 1942, shows that Hauptmann's ancestors, both paternal and maternal, had lived in Silesia since 1600. Voigt was fortunately able to include this "Ahnentafel" in the Goslar reprint. Succeeding chapters deal with Hauptmann's childhood in Salzbrunn, his years at school and art academy in Breslau, and his "return to the hills of his homeland" (in 1891 to a house in Schreiberhau; in 1900-1 "Haus Wiesenstein" was built in Agnetendorf). Voigt's treatment of the Silesian landscape and the host of Silesian characters in Hauptmann's works is, of course, no more than a sketch, but like the chapter which links Hauptmann with Jakob Böhme and Silesian mysticism, it is illuminating and authoritative. The conclusion wisely stresses that Hauptmann was a "Welt-Dichter," and not a "Nur-Schlesier" (like his brother Carl).

**Gerhart Hauptmann der Schlesier.* By Felix A. Voigt. Gerhart Hauptmann Schriften, Nr. 1. Goslar: Verlag Deutsche Volksbücherei. 1947. Pp. 87.

Gerhart Hauptmann: Sieben Reden gehalten zu seinem Gedächtnis. Gerhart Hauptmann Schriften, Nr. 2. Goslar: Verlag Deutsche Volksbücherei. 1947. Pp. 101.

Gerhart Hauptmann der Schlesier is the first work in a series of "Gerhart Hauptmann Schriften," the publication of which has been undertaken by A. H. Rupp, the energetic Goslar publisher. (His *Wilhelm Raabe Kalender für das Jahr 1947* also merits the attention of "Germanisten" on this continent.) The collection of seven memorial addresses is the second work to appear. A reprint of the study by Voigt and Professor Reichart (University of Michigan) on *Hauptmann and Shakespeare* (Breslau, 1938) was also scheduled for 1947; and numerous other Hauptmann publications are planned—if the paper allocation permits. It is some consolation to know that Hauptmann research has so quickly found a focal point and a home amid the zonal disintegration and economic chaos that is now Germany.

Perhaps the most moving of the memorial addresses are those by Hauptmann's eldest son Ivo, at Hamburg, and by the Silesian novelist, Gerhart Pohl, at the simple memorial service held in the Wiesenstein, two days after Hauptmann's death. Johannes R. Becher (address from 1933 to 1945: Moscow) spoke very much in his capacity as President of the Russian-sponsored "Cultural Association for the Democratic Rebirth of Germany" at the official gathering in the Stralsund Rathaus on July 27, the day before Hauptmann was buried—"vor Sonnenaufgang"—in Hiddensee. Becher's words were ecstatic and activist. Hans von Hülsen's lecture at the University of Heidelberg revealed great devotion to Hauptmann and his works, but it was spoilt by the far too defensive and consequently overenthusiastic vindication of Hauptmann's attitude during the Nazi period. For example, he compares Hauptmann to St. Sebastian who also did not "emigrate" to escape the arrows directed at him! The novelist Frank Thiess never met Hauptmann but he declared at Hamburg: "We younger writers regarded him as a father." It was a typical father-son relationship, compounded of love and anger, gratitude and antagonism. Hülsen argues unconvincingly that Hauptmann was a "Goethescher Mensch"; Frank Thiess links him with the "Klassiker"—Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Hebbel, Stifter, and Keller; and Behl describes his death as the end of the literary epoch which began early in the eighteenth century, and of which Hauptmann was the last great representative. In the opinion of the present reviewer, such estimates are unnecessary and even unfortunate. Goethe remains Goethe, and the Classical period of German literature is unique. Hauptmann was in many ways as essentially German as Goethe, and probably more so than his great literary contemporaries; but he was above all the son and the expression of his unhappy and problematical age. The post-war tendency in Germany to hark back to Goethe and to proclaim "Goethe ist unser!" has its dangers as well as its good side.

As one would expect from their previous record in Hauptmann scholarship, the lectures by Behl at Erlangen and Voigt at Würzburg are full of extremely valuable ideas and material for the literary historian. Behl's main theme is "Hauptmann als Bildner und Magier." He stresses Hauptmann's elemental feeling for nature, his lucid apprehension of the world of the senses,

his deep sympathy with human struggles and suffering. Hauptmann's creative processes were essentially organic and almost subconscious, rather than intellectual or rational; they were often dream-like and visionary. Particularly in his later years, Hauptmann dictated his works as if he were a medium, listening in a kind of trance to the promptings of an inner voice. *Iphigenie in Delphi* was produced in this way, in two short summer months in Hiddensee in 1940; and the one-act play *Elektra*, Hauptmann's last great creative effort, was dictated in one breath, so to speak, in October, 1944, in Agnetendorf.

Voigt concentrates even more than Behl on Hauptmann's later years. Four great works represent Hauptmann's crowning achievement since his sixtieth birthday in 1922; the verse epics *Till* (1927) and *Der Grosse Traum* (1942), the unfinished novel *Der Neue Christophorus*, and the dramatic fragment *Der Dom*. Voigt characterizes them as "der Strom in die Tiefe." In a long series of baffling and sometimes terrible "cosmic" visions, Hauptmann tried to come to grips with the "chthonian" powers (i.e., the gods and spirits of the underworld); he probed the secret foundations of the universe and penetrated to the well-springs of life itself; he wrestled with the problem of God and evil—in the sense of the *Théodicée* of Leibniz, but (as Voigt remarks) with little of the Leibniz optimism. Hauptmann's great spiritual ancestors in this connection are Jakob Böhme and the long line of Silesian mystics, and Paracelsus, "whose works always lay open in Hauptmann's library." "Like Paracelsus and Böhme, Hauptmann teaches that the evil as well as the good, the No as well as the Yes, rests in God." And yet there are still superficial and facile critics who maintain that Hauptmann had no "Weltanschauung"!

These two books are limited in size and scope; but they are indispensable for Hauptmann research.

THE STORY OF THE ILIAD*

E. A. Havelock

The shelves of libraries are today well freighted with books about Homer. But *The Story of the Iliad* scarcely belongs in their company. It is unpretentious where they are often inflated, restrained where they may be speculative, and impersonal in a field where subjectivity is often considered a virtue. The critic of Homer's drama, as of any work of art, if he undertakes to tell us how it should affect us, rarely avoids intruding his personal tastes. He is betrayed into a form of autobiography. If this, by and large, is the contemporary ethos governing criticism, then Owen's approach is less fashionable, more classical. Here, one suspects, is a book written out of a lifelong passion for the *Iliad*, but a passion severely con-

**The Story of the Iliad, as told in the Iliad.* By E. T. Owen. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin. 1947. Pp. xii, 248. ($2.50)

trolled. If Homer be compared to a very powerful radio station, which however has to transmit to us over an immense distance, Owen allows himself to intervene as the relay station, picking up the wave length and re-transmitting it to us, so that we can hear it.

His 248 pages constitute a sort of continuous running commentary, addressed not to matters of philology or archaeology, but to the texture of Homer's plot, and the intricate interweave (as Owen is convinced) of its many threads. His argument demands the same close and complicated attention from the reader as Homer himself requires. The books of the *Iliad* are followed through in their order, from the first to the twenty-fourth. Only the last two are telescoped into a single chapter. Of the remaining twenty-two, each individually receives appropriate analysis of its inner logic and outward connections. Analysis is supported by plentiful quotations in English and in Greek (the book is printed in Canada), but the reader almost needs to have his finger on the Greek text as he reads. It is as though, at every turn, Owen were at his elbow, pointing to Homer's workmanship, saying "Look, see what he is doing! Watch the weave of the cloth as it leaves the loom." His argument is Homer's argument. That is why it is a good argument. Where the plot of the *Iliad* is perfunctory or episodic, Owen is perfunctory (as in Books V, X, and XIII). Where it gathers to a head, crystallizes issues, exposes poignancy of character or situation, Owen's pages likewise expand (Books VI, IX, XVIII, XXII and especially in Book XVI). As the epic crescendo rises towards the climax of Hector's defeat, Owen transfers the terror and pity to his own pages, and then with unerring taste follows through the story as it levels off into exhaustion and a kind of resignation. Contemplating Priam before Achilles—

> The broken king kissing the deadly hands
> Whereby his house is left him desolate—

Owen likewise invokes the inevitability, the completely Greek justice, of such a conclusion. The scene, he says, "is like a gigantic rhyme with Book One, bringing to ear and mind the feeling of a close, of things rounded off and completed." And of Achilles himself he justly observes, "He is not a new Achilles . . . all of him is here. He is as fierce and dangerous as ever." A sloppier, more sentimental type of criticism would probably be disappointed with such a conclusion. Owen remains faithful to the Greek as against the modern mind. His Achilles suffers no ethical bowdlerization, no "refinement through suffering."

Indeed, the book is peppered with close accurate judgments, which sometimes stick out of the text like epigrams. The author speaks of the gods as "an artistic means of externalising a man's motives or thoughts." Here is material for somebody's book, but it gets a foot-note in Owen; he has too much else to say. Or again (speaking of the separatist school), he remarks ironically: "The interpolators have done their work well. The

Iliad turns out to be better as it is." The twenty-second book "is like a slow motion picture without the grotesqueness." Of the *Iliad*'s repeated habit of moulding present incident to repeat as by an echo the pattern of a past one, he remarks: "Homer depicts the present as the past turning into the future." Noting the list of mermaids attendant on Thetis (a "Hesiodic" list, sternly banished by critics) he observes that the passage "is almost nothing but beauty of sound . . . a list of lovely names that . . . come to heal pain." This kind of criticism estimates Homer at the Homeric level.

The Homeric Problem, as pursued in Europe and America for a century after the great Wolf first opened it up, has propelled more than one German professor into a university chair and kept him there. The noise of this battle of books is not very loud in Owen's pages, except as he is occasionally provoked by what he regards as the ineptitudes of some English commentators. Yet he has, of course, his own position in this controversy. He is a convinced "unitarian": the *Iliad* as we have it is explicitly the creation of a single genius, who carved and controlled the parts in the interests of a necessary whole. Perhaps the thesis, inevitable in its over-all logic, is pressed too enthusiastically in detail. Homer has many marginal situations, extrinsic to his main theme, and developed with a brief artistic integrity all their own. This is true for instance of Helen, Paris, and Hector, a trilogy of subtle relationships, etched slightly but surely in Books III, VI, and XXIV. But to Owen, faithful to the unitarian precept, Helen and Paris are significant only within the larger frame of reference, as adjuncts to the whole. The sight of Helen is so designed that it "stresses . . . the fundamental guilt of Troy," and Paris only serves to help us "acquiesce in the condemnation of the city"; and their dialogue in the third book, as viewed by Owen, is merely a prelude to offset the very different dialogue between Hector and Andromache in the sixth.

The Story of the Iliad is vulnerable to a second though parallel criticism. It plays down the total effect of that enormous weight of tribal baggage, of lore, precept, genealogy, custom, which the poet has to drag along in his epic. To Owen, Homer the artist is everything; but Homer the encyclopaedist, the didactic recorder of oral tradition, freighted with catalogues and memories, does not exist. This, it seems to me, actually minimizes Homer's genius, as though he were able to work within the narrower, more controllable limits of a literate method, a Virgil or Dante or Milton armed with pen, picking his themes with nicety, not a bard operating within the great straggling medium of the saga. If the *Iliad* is not only astonishing but unique, it is precisely because a controlling perspective, a single point of view, has been imposed upon the most intractable materials.

Yet this book remains a model of expository method. And it may justly be estimated as not merely a product of the author's personal patience, and his sensitivity, but as a memorial to the teaching of classics in the University of Toronto in which he has played so conspicuous a part. This

is primarily a teaching book. The cause of humanism is beset these days by many appalling pedantries, and equally appalling vulgarities, perpetrated in the name of popularization. One may be thankful, on reading *The Story of the Iliad*, for the fact that in Toronto the flame is still tended, and burns steadily.

THE CULTURAL RECORD*

WATSON KIRKCONNELL

To gather all of the literatures of mankind into a single massive work of reference is a task of formidable proportions, yet in the *Encyclopedia of Literature* it has been carried out with competence and distinction. This is primarily a venture of American scholarship, for the general editor and sixty-three of his ninety-eight contributors are from the United States of America. The next largest group consists of twenty-six Hindu scholars, mobilized by Dr. R. N. Dandekar of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute of Poona to deal with the broad fields of Indian literature, ancient and modern. The remaining nine are from the British Dominions: five from Canada and one each from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Eire. Most of the contributors have written one general article each, but a veteran like Clarence A. Manning of Columbia University has written no fewer than sixteen: on Albanian, Bulgarian, Czech, Estonian, Georgian, Modern Greek, Latvian, Lithuanian, Lusatian, Polish, Romanian, Russian, Slovak, Tyurkic, Ukrainian, and Yugoslav. The five Canadian contributors are Hermann Boeschenstein of University College, Toronto (Swiss literature), W. M. Conacher of Queen's University (Canadian literature in French), Samuel A. B. Mercer of Trinity College, Toronto (Ethiopic literature), Carl A. Roebuck of Dalhousie University (Greek literature), and C. J. Vincent of Queen's University (Canadian literature in English).

The most striking feature of the *Encyclopedia* is its completeness, ranging from H. L. Ginsberg's article on extant Canaanite literature (unearthed by archaeologists at Ras esh-Shamra no earlier than 1929-33) to the very extensive survey of all phases of the literatures of the Indian sub-continent. Care has even been taken to include synthetic sketches of the native Amerindian literatures of North and South America, the native literatures of Africa, and the native literatures of Polynesia. These more primitive literatures have been dealt with especially in terms of folk-lore. One interesting section, which cuts across the boundary lines of language and of nationality, is a survey of Christian hymnody. Incidentally this article credits Latin hymnody and German hymnody with about one hundred thousand hymns each.

**Encyclopedia of Literature.* Edited by JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY. Two vols. New York: Philosophical Library [Toronto: McLeod]. 1946. Pp. xii, 1188. ($15.00)

Rassen und Völker in Vorgeschichte und Geschichte des Abendlandes. By WILHELM SCHMIDT. Bd. I, "Die Rassen des Abendlandes"; Bd. II, "Die Völker des Abendlandes." Lucerne: Verlag Josef Stocker. 1946. Pp. xv, 326; xii, 329.

In some cases, the swift historical changes of the past two or three years have rendered the authors' judgments obsolete. Thus Professor Manning's article on Russian literature, apparently written about 1944, concludes: "Just as Russian literature of the 19th century took over many of the qualities of the pre-Petrine literature, so the Soviets after a strenuous denial of the 19th century are coming back to absorb the past and to continue the unitary course of Russian literature from its inception." With the year 1945, however, came a ruthless Soviet purge of these "reactionary" tendencies. Soviet writers were brought back inexorably to strict Communist orthodoxy in thought and technique; in April, 1945, for example, Ilya Ehrenburg was slapped into line; and by 1947 even the ideological chief of the Agitprop, Georgi Fedorovich Aleksandrov himself, was subjected to disciplinary action by Stalin's orders. The key-note of this cultural reconversion was given by N. Tikhonov, General Secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, in a speech against the ideological lapses of war-time that was reported in full in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* for May 17, 1945. Denouncing a whole list of literary heresies, he quotes Lenin as his authority that "any flirting with good old God is an unspeakable abomination" (*Vsyakoye kokyenichaniye s bozhen'koi est' nevyrazimeishaya myerzost'*). He insists on a return to Communist atheist orthodoxy, and continues: "Such varied incipient playing along with God hits the eye! This phenomenon is, of course, distinct and does not change the face of Soviet literature, but even in its small scope it forces one to point it out as a sort of incompatibility with the tasks of Soviet literature."

Professor C. J. Vincent's sketch of English-Canadian literature gives precedence in honour to Thomas Chandler Haliburton, Archibald Lampman, Stephen Leacock, and E. J. Pratt. On Mazo de la Roche, his comment is interesting: "Whether her novels are literature is difficult to say. They are not, however, Canadian in the sense that MacLennan's stories are Canadian. Nor are they American. In none of these stories does the native reader find a recognizable setting or character. Perhaps her books may be most accurately described as mid-Atlantic, so that their ultimate fate will be either the greatness of universality or the oblivion of the void." His general conclusions are tentative and pessimistic: "On the whole, the literature of Canada, conforming to alien conventions, is imitative of the literature of England, or of the United States, or of both. Much of the material used is new, but it is communicated in patterns that are not native, so that the result occasionally seems artificial. . . . Regional literatures have appeared and they may lead to the distinctly Canadian expression that some have hoped for. But anything like the creation of a national literature for Canada seems, at present, extremely unlikely." By flagrantly omitting Frederick Philip Grove, with his powerful intellectuality and his evidence of Scandinavian and Russian influences, Mr. Vincent tends to indict his own critical judgment.

The most uneven part of the *Encyclopedia* is its section of "Biographical Notices" (pp. 1055-1188), giving sketches of some 780 authors from all periods of the world's literature. Here there seems to be no perceptible basis of choice. Romanian literature is conceded one biography (Mihail Eminescu), Canadian and Polish literatures get four each, and Russian literature gets nine; while the literature of Australia (comparable to that of Canada) eclipses Russian with thirteen biographies, Icelandic literature has twenty-six, and modern Jewish literature (in Hebrew and Yiddish) soars to forty-one. One suspects that the aggressive enthusiasm of some contributors has been a determining factor in this strange result. Even within national groups one may sometimes be dubious as to the selection. Thus in Magyar literature, the epic giant Michael Vörösmarty has been omitted from a list that includes the left-wing novelist Sigismund Móricz.

The gravest structural fault of the *Encyclopedia* is its lack of an index. Integration through a general introduction, moreover, while contrary to the encyclopedia technique, might nevertheless have satisfied a sort of vaguely felt want in an otherwise admirable volume. Here, cheek by jowl, are all the literary manifestations of the human race, embodied in national or linguistic traditions. Is it capricious to desiderate some attempt at comparative analysis and speculative synthesis?

In the case of occidental civilization, a notable work of orientation has been undertaken by the venerable Austrian anthropologist, Wilhelm Schmidt, formerly Professor of Primitive Language and Culture in the University of Vienna, but now, in his eightieth year, at the Institut Anthropos at Posieux-Froideville, Switzerland. Father Schmidt's earlier work on *Die Sprachfamilien und Sprachenkreise der Erde* (1926) is still perhaps the most comprehensive single treatment of all the languages of the world, and his approach to anthropology gives considerable emphasis to the data of language. The nucleus of his present work on *Rassen und Völker in Vorgeschichte und Geschichte des Abendlandes* was an earlier and much slighter volume on *Rasse und Volk* (Munich, 1927; second edition, Salzburg, 1935; abridged Italian edition, Brescia, 1936), which was placed on the Nazi index of banned publications in 1936 and was banned in Italy, under Nazi pressure, a few months later. His refutation of Hitlerian race-dogma is much amplified in the present work; but its purpose is not so much a polemic demolition of these crude heresies as a constructive approach to an understanding of the principles underlying human civilization.

The treatment is scientific rather than rhetorical. There is an exhaustive analysis of hundreds of authorities in anthropology, linguistics, and sociology, interspersed with statistical tables of birth-rates and cephalic indices. The fact that emerges from his massive documentation is the complex reality of race and culture, as over against the simplified myths of political nationalism, and the importance of the free human personality as over against the state. A third and concluding volume on "Gegenwart und Zukunft des Abendlandes" will be awaited with deep interest.

SOVIET PHILOSOPHY AND EDUCATION*

B. E. SHORE

John Somerville, the author of the first of these books, is a rare phenomenon in the world of English-Russian relations. He is a person with solid academic training in his own discipline, with a knowledge of the Russian language, and with two years' experience in the Soviet Union in a detailed examination of the theory and practice of his discipline in that area. The results of this research and observation are embodied in *Soviet Philosophy*, in an account that is at once comprehensive and proportionate, scholarly and readable, scientific and non-technical. For these qualities alone, widespread attention would be much deserved, but there is an additional fact—uniqueness. This is the first book in English on the philosophic principles that underlie the Soviet régime, and the effect those principles have had in practice.

It can hardly be said that political philosophy in the Western world and in the Soviet Union agree on many points. Consequently, a writer on the subject must be either in one camp or in the other. The author of this book, in his attempt to give a "sympathetic" account, quite definitely puts himself so far in the Soviet camp that he is ultimately not so much making an exposition as writing an apology. At the outset, he postulates that the philosophy of the Soviet is peaceful, while that of the former fascist states was warlike. It is indeed open to question whether class struggle is not a war, and whether the killing or imprisonment of opposing groups does not constitute the essentials of battle. In its early days the Soviet régime was preoccupied with the idea of war, although this war was directed against low industrial production, antiquated agricultural methods, and illiteracy. At the present time, when there is no possibility of a foreign invasion, the same government maintains an enormous standing army, far exceeding that of any other country. Surely militarism plays a definite part in Soviet philosophy, and a part that has greatly increased since the successful conclusion of the second world conflict. This attitude of "sympathy" also leads the author into the position of justifying what he sees. The terrific toll in human life that was exacted in the career of the Soviet state is dismissed as "the normal cost of a normal mistake." Nothing is said about the fact that the philosophy that gave rise to such a condition is the very phase of philosophy that makes all other phases of philosophy impossible. It stresses uniformity, the stifling of any opposition, the silencing of all criticism. Even if such a phase of philosophy happened to be right in its interpretation of history and economics, what a tremendous loss in human happiness and productivity it has created by its ruthless programme of extermination. Thorough conviction of rightness gives a

**Soviet Philosophy.* By JOHN SOMERVILLE. New York: Philosophical Library [Toronto: McLeod]. 1947. Pp. 269. ($4.50)

Soviet Education. By MAURICE J. SHORE. New York: Philosophical Library [Toronto: McLeod. 1947. Pp. 346. ($5.50)

movement a sense of the inevitability of its triumph, and with that sense, a certain tolerance to differing currents which, presumably, are doomed in themselves. Non-Communist states are not convinced that the philosophy prevailing in them at the moment is so very right; but by their tolerant attitude they allow the possibility of a philosophy being developed that will better accomplish the ends of the happiness of mankind. Professor Somerville is too cautious in his criticism of Soviet practice; he refuses to take up particular examples that might be sensitive points for the present Soviet régime. Rather, he confines himself to innocuous general remarks: "All people pay for their mistakes, and the Russians have made their share."

Perhaps the most informative sections of this book are not the sections dealing with Soviet practice so much as those dealing with philosophic theory. The ethical relationships of the Soviet individual to society are based on a complete rejection of "individualism" as such. The individual achieves his highest expression precisely in and through social participation, which is at its best in a society characterized by collective ownership of the means of production and by a deliberate planning towards social objectives. And art, in its form of socialist realism, is inextricably bound up with moral values. These values must be those which optimistically presage the future, and which are conditioned by none of the prejudices of the present or past. For the layman, the chapters on the growth of materialism through the centuries are amongst the best in the book, summarizing the essence of dialectical theory. Marxists will probably find much to quarrel with here, but for once it is possible to read frequent quotations from Communist fathers without the feeling that the author is merely an undiscerning purveyor of "approved" literature.

In conclusion Professor Somerville reviews the position of philosophy in the Soviet Union. Philosophy is regarded as a living instrument with a part to play in the building of a new life; it is not a dead theoretical enterprise. And that is just the danger of the whole matter. So long as philosophy is closely linked with practical affairs, it loses that detached, speculative quality that has typified it at its best at all times. The Soviet test for its standing is whether it has a utilitarian value; if it has no immediate use it is discarded as worthless, and even reactionary. What remains then to keep human beings from becoming the puppets of economics?

Mr. Shore's book on *Soviet Education* is less satisfactory. Certainly one of the most important phases of Soviet internal policy is its educational programme. Human beings may be born little Liberals or little Conservatives, but their natural instincts of personal acquisitiveness are not likely to make them little Communists, unless these instincts have been trained and sublimated to required behaviour. If the new order is to survive, and to come into greater realization, its principles must be inculcated into the rising generations. Exactly how the Soviet government seeks to do this, how it has reduced the high percentage of illiteracy inherited from a previous régime, and how it approaches the task of bringing the new en-

lightenment to the many non-Slavic peoples within its borders—some of which did not even possess so much as an alphabet before the Revolution—are all topics of absorbing interest to the onlooking world. Information on these points would be of real value to the technique of education, and the Soviet government would no doubt gain many a laurel for some hard-won achievements.

Unfortunately the author of this book leaves all such vital subjects practically untouched. At the outset he delimits his theme by expanding the title to "Soviet Education, Its Psychology and Philosophy," a manœuvre that places the treatment in the realm of pure speculation. Even the definite facts one might expect to find in the psychological phase of the exposition are completely lacking, for psychology ultimately receives very short shrift. The greater part of the text is taken up with an attempt to trace the progress of Communist educational theory from its origins in Feuerbach and Marx, through Jaures, Plekhanov, Bebel, and some of the lesser writers, to Lenin and the early Soviet state. Such an historical survey could be of use, in its convenient assembling of data otherwise quite scattered, if only some personal effort were made at evaluation, if there were present a sub-stratum of conviction on the part of the author which would provide a basis for, and give a proportion to, the endless quotations that make up this section. But it is impossible to discern whether the author has any definite position, he refuses to pass the slightest judgment on any statement of the Communist theorists. The result is not a composite picture with a meaning to it, but an unassembled jig-saw puzzle where each piece has its fragment of the tale to tell. Without a doubt, the chief feature of the book is this paralysis of the critical faculty, a situation that gives rise stylistically to a mire of impersonals, passives, and polysyllabic circumlocutions.

A shorter but more useful section of the book is based on pronouncements and decrees on education by the Soviet government, and Soviet officials, since Lenin's death. Here one has access for the first time in English to many statements of aims and theory that have appeared only in the Russian press, or in documents of the Soviet government. If such material is to have real significance, it must be linked up with actual practice; one must know more than aims, plans, and general policy; one must have con rete figures and definite tests for gauges. The chief point mentioned in this connection is that the Soviet peoples withstood the onslaught of the Germans during the war. Touching all too briefly on the polytechnical education which is the principal feature of Soviet training, the book concludes with a comparison of American and Soviet educational aims and practices. America, relatively lacking in a central directing authority, and in a definite over-all plan, is made to appear in a pretty poor light beside its dynamic Soviet contemporary.

The most important contribution of this book to its theme is a seventy-two page section of chapter-notes and bibliography. Ample indication is

given of the sources used, and the vast majority of the works are either in English or in Russian. So far as the latter are concerned, they are rendered the less useful by a system of transliteration that is neither commonly employed, nor consistent within itself. Nevertheless, there will be some assistance here for the person who eventually writes the story of Soviet education.